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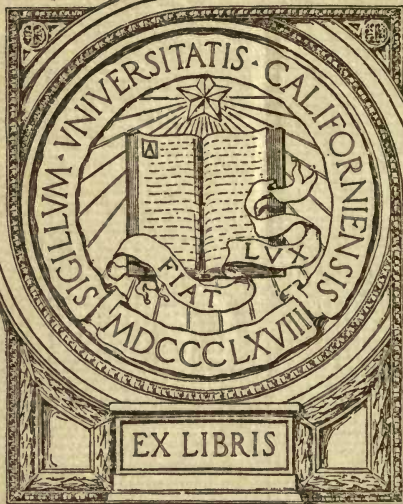


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**THE
PALACE OF
FINE ARTS
AND THE
FRENCH AND ITALIAN
PAVILIONS**

By
JOHN D. BARRY

Author of
"The City of Domes" and
"The Meaning of the
Exposition"

**THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS AND THE
FRENCH AND ITALIAN PAVILIONS**

By the Same Author

THE CITY OF DOMES

A Walk with an Architect About the Courts and Palaces of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition with a Discussion of its Architecture, its Sculpture, its Mural Decorations, its Coloring, and its Lighting, Preceded by a History of its Growth.

Our best all-round volume on the great Exposition.—Edwin Markham.

It is the art side, the architecture, the sculpture, the decorations, the coloring and lighting, that John D. Barry deals with in "The City of Domes" in a manner that is instructive and entertaining. The book, after it has served its present guide purpose, will have to be consulted for any historical record of the achievement. The pictures are admirable.—New York Sun.

Prospective visitors to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be interested in "The City of Domes," prepared by John D. Barry in behalf of just such readers. The body of the book describes a walk around the courts and palaces with an architect, thus embodying much interesting information. The introduction discusses the Exposition's growth and purpose, and there are clever lists of the features best worth studying, day and night. More than fifty illustrations support the text.—Chicago Herald.

Mr. John D. Barry's book on the Exposition may be confidently recommended to visitors who wish not only to see, but to understand, not only to admire, but to know why they admire. There are few who would miss an opportunity to walk through the grounds and courts under the guidance of the artists who planned and executed them, and it is the best possible substitute for such an excursion that Mr. Barry provides. . . . Nothing escapes him that is worthy of attention, and his explanations are invariably what they should be and intelligently addressed to intelligent minds. The introduction is devoted to an account of the early development of the Exposition project—a most satisfactory feature—while the numerous illustrations are well selected and well executed.—The Argonaut.

There is much enlightened appreciation of the artistic features of the Exposition in "The City of Domes," by John D. Barry, whose literary manner is so admirably adapted to the task of simple and clear explanation. With the author on his excursion goes an architect, who, whether real or imaginary, is singularly well informed. Together they talk of the various courts and palaces, the architecture, the sculpture, the mural decorations, the coloring and the lighting. It was a happy thought, that of the dialogue form, for one really seems to be listening to two voices instead of only one, and to be given two sets of impressions. Perhaps it is not too late for some Marion Crawford to assemble the shades of the great painters and sculptors and have many opinions on the masterpieces of the Exposition. Meanwhile the Barry book will be found that something ever so much more valuable than the best catalogue, the personality of one who loves

art and longs to convey his emotions as well as his information to others. . . . An introduction furnishes a history of the growth of the Exposition, and the well-printed pages with their high-grade paper are more than liberally punctuated with beautiful pictures.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The beauty of Mr. Barry's vade mecum is that it is not mere "publicity," nor a mere guide book, nor aimed primarily at the booming of the Exposition; no drummer or barker would admit, as he does, that there are many things to be criticised. His companions are brilliant talkers and, besides being trained artists and architects, these interlocutors, like Mr. Barry, approach their subject always from the social philosopher's viewpoint. "Most columns of this kind," he writes of the Column of Progress, "had celebrated some great figure or historic feat, usually related to war. But this column stood for those sturdy virtues that were developed, not through the hazards and the excitements and fevers of conquest, but through the persistent and homely tests of peace, through the cultivation of those qualities that laid the foundations of civilized living." The significance of the location, the physical and topographical environment have their philosophy and suggestion, according to Mr. Barry and his friends. "When I mentioned that there ought to be more boats out there on the bay, a whole fleet, and some of them with colored sails, to give more brightness, the architect shook his head: "The scene is typically Californian. It suggests stretches of vacant country here in this State, waiting for the people to come from the overcrowded East and Middle West and thrive on the land."

"All things considered," says one of Mr. Barry's critics, "the architects did an uncommonly fine job in making the courts run from the Esplanade," though there have been critics who said that the entrance courts ought to have been placed on the other side—that is, that the Exposition ought to have been turned round. But this would have been to sacrifice the view of the Exposition from the water, which is wonderfully fine "in bringing out the charm of the straight lines." Past an inner court which the workmen thereabouts call "Pink Alley," its proper name the Court of Mines, the critics come to the Court of Ages and here the architect draws a long breath: "In this court we architects feel puzzled. We think we can read new architectural forms like a book, and find that they are saying things repeated down the ages. But we can't read much here. In that lovely round arch there are hints of the Gothic, yet it is not a Gothic arch. Throughout the treatment there are echoes of the Spanish, and yet the treatment is not Spanish. The more one studies the conception and workmanship the more striking it grows in originality and daring. The whole evolution of man is intimated here, from the time when he lived among the seaweed and the fish; even the straight vertical lines used in the design suggest the dripping of water." . . . The design was mercilessly cut down by the fiscal limitations of the management, but the architect-critic registers with Barry the opinion that "the chances are that Mullgardt will go down into history for his daring here. . . . It represented a big opportunity and Mullgardt was big enough to get away with it." So Mr. Barry's little book takes the reader from court to court through the Panama-Pacific, with his knowing mentors, appraising, rather than applauding, everything, yet with a generous appreciation and a rare interpretive insight for the subtler significance.—"The Listener" in The Boston Transcript.

Mr. Barry's three books on the Panama-Pacific International Exposition: "The City of Domes" (\$1.50), "The Palace of Fine Arts and the French and Italian Pavilions" (50 cents), and "The Meaning of the Exposition" (25 cents), may be secured without delivery charges by writing to Dept. B., H. S. Crocker Co., 565 Market Street, San Francisco.

"The Meaning of the Exposition" is a small paper-covered volume, beautifully printed, and with an ornamental cover-design, published in an envelope. It is developed from lectures many times delivered by Mr. Barry on the Exposition grounds, in Recital Hall.

THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS

AND THE

FRENCH AND ITALIAN PAVILIONS

A WALK WITH A PAINTER, WITH A
DISCUSSION OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE,
AND SOME OF THE WORKERS THEREIN,
MAINLY FROM THE PAINTER'S
POINT OF VIEW



By

JOHN D. BARRY

AUTHOR OF "THE CITY OF DOMES" AND
"THE MEANING OF THE EXPOSITION"

PRICE FIFTY CENTS



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TO
THE ART-WORKERS OF
THE WORLD, WHO HAVE DONE SO
MUCH TO KEEP ALIVE THE
SPIRIT OF BEAUTY

313057

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FOREWORD



THESE TALKS I have treated as if they were one talk, for the sake of compactness. They represent many visits to the buildings they discuss, and, though they deal with only a part of the great mass of artworks there, they touch on many themes. Wherever I could, I wished to keep forward the point of view of the painter, first, because I do not claim to speak with authority on art, and secondly, because the professional point of view, coming from the inside, seems to me decidedly more worthwhile than the layman's. It is for the purpose of helping the layman to take the professional point of view that this little book has been written in this particular way, with emphasis on painting, which is less easily comprehended than sculpture, particularly in its modern phases.

PREFACE

“ DON'T know anything about art,” says a friend with the courage of his opinions, “but I know what I hate.”

His words may give comfort to those people who go to the Exposition and face the Palace of Fine Arts with the feeling that they ought in some way to show appreciation. So many of them feel bewildered before the mass of paintings. Where are they to begin? What is really worth while? What is the meaning behind all this mystery which so often seems like mere eccentricity? Since the painters themselves so violently disagree, denouncing as horrors and frights canvases that have been awarded medals by juries composed of painters of distinction, how is anyone to know what is really good?

A lady in a very perturbed state of mind wrote me a letter the other day, saying, among other things: “In the Palace of Fine Arts I have noticed the picture of a fat, nude woman eating an apple. Is it supposed to be fine? Ought we to admire it?” The questions were not altogether easy to answer. Perhaps there isn't any “ought” in the matter. When art becomes a matter of duty it ceases to fulfill its function. The proverb about taste applies to painting as well as to other kinds of endeavor. So far as that particular picture is concerned I can conceive of two directly opposite points of view, equally intelligent. Some people find gratuitous nudity in art offensive. Other people find it beautiful, as a rule artists and those who pride themselves on being emancipated from prejudice. There are still others who take a middle course and find both extremes tiresome. In itself the portrait of a nude fleshy

woman eating an apple does not seem to be especially inspiring. And its right place may not be in an international exhibition. What its right place is might be hard to say—possibly one of those luxurious bar-rooms that do so much to cultivate taste.

On the other hand, I can conceive of a painter taking a great deal of pleasure in making a technical study of a painting where a nude woman is eating an apple, admiring the skill of the flesh tints, the outline of the figure, even the color of the apple, noting how the color of the apple harmonizes with the deep green of the background. One of the most appealing qualities among painters is their faculty for getting pleasure out of little things. In this regard they are like children. It must be this quality in them that gives meaning to that saying, "Art recovers the innocence of the eye."

Only the other day, when I was walking through the Palace of Fine Arts with a painter, I mentioned that a certain picture impressed me as being a childish conception, and he rebuked me by saying: "You are paying the painter a compliment. The instinct of children in matters of art is usually sound. They paint what they see. They haven't learned to blur their vision with preconceived ideas."

Much, then, it is plain, depends on the attitude of mind that we take on entering a picture gallery. "Abandon prejudice, all ye who enter here" might be written over the door. Even in this vexatious matter of nudity there should be allowance. At the same time it should be borne in mind that painters, like other specialists, are almost certain to be influenced by professionalism. In their attitude toward nudity they take a very superior air. They think the public must be educated up to their views. Some of them make no concessions at all to what the world at large regards as delicacy or modesty. With approval they cite the frank-

ness of the Greeks in this matter, forgetting that it was the expression of a civilization very different from our own.

Of one consideration we may be sure, whether we are trained to an understanding of art or untrained: No matter what subject the artist may treat, no matter what style he may paint in, he will express himself. Painting is like any other form of expression. It is a kind of speech. The instant a painter gives a picture to the public he reveals his own qualities. It is to discern the mind and the character behind the work that ought to be the prime object of the observer. Sometimes it is not easy to find the key, and till it is found the meaning of a picture must remain hidden. Here, perhaps, lies an explanation of much of art's mystery. We look at art from our own point of view instead of looking at it from the artist's point of view. Instead of saying, "Why did he do this thing in this particular way?" we say, "Why didn't he do some other thing in some other way," which amounts to saying, "When he was trying to express himself, why didn't he express me?"

There is another consideration to be kept in mind. Painters often speak as if current art were a fixed thing, as if it were scientific. By art they usually mean the way they like and practice. But art is largely a matter of fashion. Someone starts a new fashion. Its imitators make a school. They have the truth, the only truth. But it is merely the latest truth. Tomorrow it may be derided. The instant art becomes old-fashioned it is likely to be funny. Meanwhile, however, the old masters remain, out of the reach of time.

A good way to realize the relativity of art is to begin a survey of the pictures in the Fine Arts Palace by looking at Thomas Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties." At the Chicago Exposition, nearly twenty-five years ago, it made a sensation. In reproductions it went all over the country. Now it is almost unnoticed. The vogue of the sentimental,

story-telling picture has passed. And yet the picture remains the same. And the appeal that caused it to reach a multitude of hearts is still there and would operate again if people were told they ought to feel it. Among the unsophisticated observers, unaware of what the present fashion in art happens to be, it still operates. It is a beautiful thing, finely painted, telling a story, as a skillful writer would do, by means of carefully-presented characterizations.

When we keep the relativity of art in mind we can see why an interest in one style ought not to create a prejudice, as it so often does, against other styles. A lover of impressionism ought to be able to enjoy the dark tones that give richness and depth to the work of the old masters and their followers, qualities, for example, conspicuous in the canvases here by Duveneck, of the Munich school, and Keith, of the Barbizon school, devoted to the romantic treatment of landscape. There is no real antagonism between the academic and the open-air painters. They merely see and express themselves in different ways. Unfortunately, enthusiasm for a certain kind of art, like many other kinds of enthusiasm, develops limitation.

THE OUT-DOOR GALLERY

I



ERE is a feature of the Exposition that the director of the Fine Arts Department, Trask, deserves a great deal of credit for," said the painter as we strolled in the direction of the southern end of Maybeck's magnificent colonnade, with a view to examining the out-door gallery. "At first some of the artists were inclined to take a critical attitude toward it; but they must all have been impressed by the

great success it has made with visitors. It includes some very interesting pieces by some of the best American sculptors. There are three big men, close together, for example, Frederick G. R. Roth, Cyrus Dallin and G. B. Proctor. Roth's sea-lions have a curious interest; Dallin's 'Scout' is worthy of all the praise it has had for its quiet strength and sincerity, and Proctor's American bisons are finely done."

In the colonnade the painter expressed enthusiasm for what Maybeck had done here. "How cleverly he has suggested overgrowth, with a kind of tropical luxuriance. This colonnade alone would make his work remarkable even if the other features didn't have their own originality. So far as I know, Maybeck has done something never thought of before in the history of art. He has deliberately created a classic ruin and invested it with poetry. In this colonnade he has given sculpture the most picturesque background it could possibly have had. In no other Exposition has anything like it been attempted."

In the "Muse Finding the Head of Orpheus," we thought we could see why Edward Berge had made so successful an appeal to the public. In the first place the design had a remarkable delicacy and beauty. Then, too, it was original and dramatic. The work sent us to those two other figures by Berge near by, "Boy and Frog" and "Wild Flower," both delightful in sentiment and clever in treatment. In "Wild Flower" the figure of the little girl leaning forward with the hands in a pretty gesture at either side was

wonderfully appealing. "After this Exposition," the painter said, "there is likely to be a large number of figures of children put on the market. All the children in this out-door gallery have been liked, those by Janet Scudder and Edith Baretto Parsons being special favorites. The Parsons 'Duck Baby' has as many admirers as the Berge 'Wild Flower,' though it isn't so well modeled. Painters and sculptors may talk as much as they like about the minor importance of a subject. But there are some subjects that are bound to stay popular with the people in general and one of them is babies. If I were a sculptor and wanted to make my eternal fortune I should devote myself to babies exclusively."

We stopped before Robert Aitken's small group representing Michael Angelo at work on his massive figure of "Day" for the Medici chapel in the church of San Lorenzo, Florence. "It's a little too small for its theme and for these splendid surroundings," the painter remarked. "This criticism applies to several of the pieces set out here. They are somewhat out of scale. Nevertheless, the effect, on the whole, is good, and it is to the credit of the visitors that they have been appreciative. However, most of them pass over this very typical work of Aitken's, possibly because it is a little off the path. It's decidedly worth noting, both because it is so vigorously handled, with strongly characterized surfaces, and because it so frankly expresses Aitken's admiration for the master whose spirit he has echoed so interestingly in those four figures that adorn the Court of the Universe and in that elaborate and powerful, but over-symbolized, Fountain of the Earth in the Court of the Ages. San Francisco has good reason to be proud of the sculptors she has given to the world, such men as Stackpole, Walter, Putnam, Patigian and Aitken. Each has his own individuality and among them Aitken is distinguished for his daring.

"The Outcast," by Atillio Piccirilli, was another of the popular successes. In studying it the painter thought he could understand why. "It strikes you right in the face by the very strength of the despair expressed in the attitude of the nude figure. It was a good idea, by the way, to make the figure nude and to give it so much vitality, which somehow adds to the poignancy of the feeling. It illustrates the use of light and shade in the modeling, which is just as important in a work of sculpture as in a painting, though not so plain to the unpracticed eye, which is likely to prefer the

smooth surfaces, as characterless as a photograph with all the lines touched out. I don't suppose it would be here," the painter continued as we started to pass on, "if Rodin hadn't done his 'Thinker.' To my mind it's just as impressive and is far more consistent in its psychology."

In the rotunda we found the most ambitious of all the outdoor pieces, Paul Wayland Bartlett's equestrian statute of Lafayette. "Only a man with a fine pictorial sense could have done this work," the painter exclaimed. "It was an inspiration on the part of Trask to have it placed here. It can stand the majesty of the surroundings. Many people consider Bartlett our biggest sculptor. It was certainly a great compliment that he should have been chosen to make this work for Paris. That post under the figure of the horse had to be used to hold up the plaster copy. Otherwise the group would have blown down. In bronze, of course, the effect is much more impressive. But here you can see how finely the horse and the rider have been developed and with what heroic spirit."

The Daniel Chester French Student Memorial Statue struck us both as being a spirited presentation of a familiar type of college youth, but as somewhat overladen with symbolism. Why should so many incongruous symbols go together, the sweater, the books, the college gown? Symbolism was at its best when it did not hit you in the face, when it stole quietly into the consciousness.

As we passed Grafly's "Pioneer Mother" a group of women were discussing it with animation. "This group has probably done more than anything else on the grounds to stir up artistic feeling, particularly among Californians. They think that they own it. They have the sense of relationship which is so important in art. After all, if we don't feel related to what we look at, we are all at sea. We can't form intelligent opinions. Grafly ought to get a gold medal, not because he's done a fine piece of work here, for he hasn't, but because he has done something that has made people think about artistic fitness."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

II



AS WE entered the rotunda the painter remarked: "Many people pass through here without stopping to realize that it is packed with good things. This fountain by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, in the center, is charming. I like it even better than the 'El Dorado,' which has brought her so much praise, the fountain under the 'Tower of Jewels. Interesting as 'El Dorado' is, it somehow gives me the sense of strain. The sculpture here includes the work of Carl Bitter, James L. Fraser, Attilio Piccirilli, Sterling Calder, Bela L. Pratt, Frederick G. R. Roth, Robert Aitken and Herbert Adams. These four panels by Henry Hering, from Yale University, are very interesting. Then there is the Alice Freeman memorial, from Wellesley College Chapel, by Daniel Chester French. The original is in white marble. A few years ago Mrs. Palmer was a great figure in American education. She is still revered by those who knew her personally or by report. The paintings for this spot have been very well chosen. There are those who think the big canvas that strikes your eye as soon as you come in here, 'The Joy of Life,' by Alexander Harrison, is not one of the best of Harrison's canvases; but it seems to me very characteristic and very finely done. And the 'Field of Poppies,' by Robert Vonnoh, makes a beautiful spot of color on the wall. Every time I come here it attracts my eye."

We turned to the right and found ourselves in gallery eighty. "I like to call this the 'Boston and New England Room,'" said the painter. "Look at these canvases and see if they aren't New England all over. The seven paintings by Williard L. Metcalf are among the gems of the exhibit. After looking at them, are you surprised that Metcalf is given a medal of honor? 'Trembling Leaves' is to me as fine a piece of work as you can find among all the men of today that are represented here. It is an ideal picture to have in the house. It vibrates with light and color. It gives you the sense of being out of doors. It could have been done only by a man who had a deep love of nature in his heart, and who also had very remarkable skill. It doesn't belong permanently in a gallery. It's too intimate. Nothing just like it has ever been done before."

The whole canvas flickers. But for Monet it could not have been done."

The next room that held us was gallery seventy-six, where we found twelve paintings by Arthur F. Mathews and ten paintings by Francis McComas. "Here we are in California and Arizona. Mathews is the dean of California painters. See how individual and original he is in his design and coloring. Everything he does is decorative and full of refinement. It's reported that he would have been given the great prize if he hadn't been a member of the jury. He always knows just what he wants to do, and he does it skilfully and finely. The work of McComas is always characteristic, too. He is a master of atmospheric and rich color effects. How interesting and poetic he makes those trees of his. In his Arizona studies he has a chance to demonstrate his talent for dealing with light. Of all our painters he is one of the most poetic."

SARGENT

III



LIKE most visitors to the gallery, we were eager to reach the Sargent room. To enter it we passed through the room devoted to the work of Gari Melchers, the painter of Dutch types and Dutch scenes, all full of vitality, close to the earth. With those canvases in our minds it was somewhat disturbing to face the Sargents, sophisticated, refined and subtle, made by the contrast to seem a little attenuated. "There's one of the disadvantages of an exhibition," said the painter. "It brings together canvases that ought to be miles apart, that have no relation to one another."

At once we were drawn to the famous portrait of Madame Gautreau, the antithesis of those Dutch peasants of Melchers', a distinct type, the slim and graceful and highly cultivated modern Frenchwoman, standing beside a table in evening dress, bare neck and arms, her right hand holding the table's edge, the right arm marvelously well painted. "Sargent often paints those exotic, ner-

vous women, and here he has a subject that he is particularly successful with. The simplicity and the fineness of the arrangement is one of the portrait's greatest charms. And how delicately he has brought out that profile. And see how he has suggested the make-up on the face, the sickly pallor that so many women of fashion nowadays like to cultivate. The arms and the hands are masterpieces of painting and the whole characterization is brilliantly achieved. Velasquez would have applauded that portrait. Sargent has been greatly influenced by Velasquez. He's always running down to Spain to refresh himself with new impressions of the master."

On the opposite wall we found the portrait of Henry James, the novelist, that leaped into world-wide celebrity a couple of years ago when it was slashed in London at the annual Academy exhibition by a militant suffragette. "Observe the difference between the work done on the Madame Gautreau canvas and the work here. In one there's a hard brilliancy. But when Sargent painted James he was painting a life-long friend and he put heart into his work. The pose of the figure and the treatment of the face are admirable. The tired eyes are shrewd and yet sympathetic. The mouth is wonderfully indicated, kindly, but yet strong. By the way, they've repaired the damage very skilfully. There's only a faint line over the left side of the mouth that can be seen, and it might be taken for a brush stroke."

At that moment a gentleman who stood beside us spoke up. "I happened to be in the Academy when the picture was slashed," he said. "A few minutes before I noticed a woman wandering about with a basket in her hand. She didn't look like a person interested in art and I wondered what she could be doing there. She made quick work of the picture and the next minute they had it off the walls."

Then we were told that Sargent had given up portrait painting. "Why should I go on making unimportant people famous?" he said one day. He didn't need the money any more. He had become rich from his work. For a sketch that he could finish in a half hour or perhaps ten minutes, he often received as much as two or three thousand dollars.

When the stranger had taken himself off the painter at my side remarked: "There's a camaraderie about an interest in art that breaks down our usual reserves. I often have interesting en-

counters with people like that gentleman here. And the desire of the uninformed people who are trying to get a line on the pictures is almost pathetic. They often gather around anyone that talks about the pictures."

Just then one of the women guides entered the room with a group of visitors. Perhaps we ought not to have listened, but we were human. "Now here's a man that knows about people," she said. "He tells us all about the race and the social position and the characters of his subjects. But he doesn't know anything about air or sunshine. Lately he's taken to painting landscape. He'd do much better to stick to his portraits."

With this summing up, the guide gracefully swept from the room. "She didn't do a thing to Sargent, did she?" said the painter. "But she's right in saying that Sargent doesn't pay much attention to atmospheric effects. His landscapes, nevertheless, are very interesting and characteristic. And his backgrounds are masterly. See how perfectly that nude study of a girl is done over there, and how distinct it is from the background."

It was the portrait work that held our attention. Best of all, I liked the Joe Jefferson, the actor to the life, with youth shining through the age in the face, exactly as it had done in life to the latest year. One could almost hear Rip's voice speaking out of the canvas.

The "Spanish Gypsy" and the "Spanish Courtyard," though they might not have been "atmospheric," were, nevertheless, as the painter said, "Spain all over." The Gypsy had the lazy grace, the dramatic pose and the coloring that suggested Calvé in "Carmen." "Sargent catches quick and characteristic expressions," said the painter. "He's intuitive and he's daring. Though he often faintly suggests other painters, he is always himself—an extraordinary talent."

"What can be the secret of this painter's gift?" I kept asking myself. I thought I found it in studying the faces of those portraits, each distinctive, and yet all show the same technical method, marvelously expert. Sargent felt each subject in a curiously subtle way, and he succeeded in bringing out the individual qualities. He was like a novelist with a genius for conveying impressions of character by a touch here and there. He knew how to seize and to emphasize what was salient. The rapidity of work he was so famous for suggested that he relied mainly on swift intuitions and on catching them while they were vivid in his mind.

When I expressed these opinions, the painter remarked: "But why try to analyze genius? Sargent is unique. We've never had anyone like him, and we may never have another. Why not be satisfied with enjoying what he's done?"

THE OLD MASTERS

IV



THE painter led the way into gallery 63 he looked around with satisfaction. "Here is a room filled with treasure," he remarked. "Think of the names that are represented. They include Hogarth, Gainsborough, Valesquez, Guido Reni, Ribera, Tiepolo, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Thomas Lawrence and George Romney. The Lawrence is an admirable example. About that Velasquez I have my doubts, although it was lent by Frank Duveneck. But about the Raeburn portrait of John Wauchope there can't be any possible doubt. Only a master could have painted that face in just that particular way."

We walked forward to get a closer view. "If I were to pick out a single canvas that seemed to me the most valuable in the whole exhibit," the painter went on, "I should choose this one. It isn't merely a portrait. It's a human being. The human quality looks out of the eyes. There, after all, is the great test in a portrait. Raeburn was mainly self-taught. He lived in Edinboro' at a time when there was very little art feeling there. Nevertheless he developed a marvelous dexterity, the kind that seems to be unconscious of itself, that works with freedom. Compare this portrait with Sargent's magnificent study of Henry James and you will see that Sargent appears at a disadvantage for the reason that he betrays effort. There is no effort here, and yet there is supreme art. The edges of the portrait are particularly well done, and, as all painters know, edges are hard to do. They are a good deal like style in writing. If a painter can manage the edges well the rest of his work is likely to take care of itself. A good edge is what we call 'Lost and found.' Now you have it and now you don't. It's

easy to make a knife edge, but it's quite another matter to make an edge that's firm without being sharp and that models over. Raeburn excels in this kind of edge. He does what no photograph, for example, can ever do. The photograph has a terrible impartiality. It places equal emphasis on everything. The artist, on the other hand, brings out salient features of character, the qualities that he sees and feels. Some of our modern men have this faculty to a high degree, among them Duveneck, who belonged to the Munich school that was so deeply influenced by the old masters."

From Raeburn we turned to the Gainsborough landscape. "It's curious," said the painter, "that this innocent looking canvas should stand for a revolution in art. But the fact remains that it does represent a new and important movement. It is one of the first landscapes painted for its own sake. Wise as these old fellows were, keen in their understanding of character, and highly developed technically, they had little use for nature. They considered it valuable mainly as it served for a background, with human beings in the foreground, the interest being centered in the human beings. It was by concentrating on portrait work that they made themselves masters. What we have lost in portraits, however, we have gained in nature. From the point of view of today, this canvas is hardly a landscape. For example, it has no atmosphere whatever. Nevertheless, it is beautiful, as fine as a tapestry, low in key and rich in color. Think how we have advanced since Gainsborough's time in the landscape work of such men as Troyon and Corot and Whistler, all of whom, in different ways, gave poetic interpretations of nature."

The splendid canvas of Tiepolo was looking down on us from the center of one of the walls—"Madonna and Child, with Saint Domenico and Another Saint." It moved the painter to enthusiasm. "There's a great man if there ever was one. He had the Venetian love of flamboyant effects, draperies and other luxurious details. Think of his making that elaborately ornamented altar piece a subordinate feature of his scheme. If a painter of today were to use it at all he would make it the chief feature of his picture. The older men were able to paint the most intimate details and to keep them in their place. Tiepolo is remarkable in his treatment of his black tones. As all painters know, it is very hard to paint black indoors, just as it's hard to paint green outdoors. And then the composition, how skilfully handled it is, and how pictorial it is.

Tiepolo was a marvel and it is good to see him so well displayed here, where people can be reminded of his merit."

What delighted the painter most of all among the great masters was the painting of the heads. He had much to say on the subject of eyes as the windows of character. We were both impressed by the single example of Hogarth's work in the portrait of "Anne, Viscountess Irwin." "In some ways our own Robert Henri resembles Hogarth. One can trace the resemblance in those two fine portraits that he has here, together with several others, 'Himself' and 'Herself,' with all Ireland looking out of the faces." Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Lady Ballington" disappointed him somewhat in the treatment of the face, though he found the painting of the figure extraordinarily skillful. "Faces are hard to paint, so hard that painters often go over them again and again. They know that the work as a whole is going to be judged by the effect of the face on the spectators. And there is an immense difference between the spectator's point of view and the painter's. The painter, if he knows his business, is always looking for the deeper and subtler expressions that lie beneath the surface. The spectator is likely to look for the superficial points, the insignificant details."

In summing up the old masters, the painter reminded me of those fundamental principles of art that were out of the range of mere fashion. No matter what the fashion of a period might be, the work of these men would always be accepted as masterpieces. They knew how to make their figures live. They understood proportion. They could make their canvas interesting for the power that was expressed there. It was not the great that made the transient schools; it was the near-great. Wonderful as many of the later men had been, they were not able to touch the old fellows. Raeburn, Reynolds, Tiepolo, Lely and the others were unconscious psychologists. Instinctively they dealt with the essentials. They escaped the blunder of using detail for the sake of detail, as so many of the modern men did, making it lifeless and unimaginative. In their work they developed a serenity that was in itself an expression of mastery."

WHISTLER

V

“



BEFORE we tackle the out-and-out impressionists," said the painter, "let's have a look at the Whistler room. And before we go there, let's see the portrait of Whistler by Chase."

So we started for the room where the American painter, William Merritt Chase, was represented by many canvases, including the "Woman with the White Shawl," one of the most exhibited portraits in the whole world.

On the wall we found a fantastic-looking gentleman in middle life standing against a background of pure gold, with a face and bearing suggesting both eccentricity and humor, in one hand airily carrying a long walking stick.

"I'm not quite sure that Chase quite understood Whistler," the painter remarked. "But he has given us Whistler as Whistler liked to show himself before the world, the Whistler that the Pennells put into their 'Life.' I don't know that Joseph Pennell understood Whistler altogether, either. But he and his wife tried very hard to be fair in their work, and they bring us pretty close to the man as he appeared from day to day, certainly a most interesting and contradictory character, an American Europeanized by his long career abroad, and yet American to the end. For those who want to get near Whistler it would be a good plan to read that book. It would make them see what a difficult business art was and how much a serious man like Whistler put into his work. Incidentally, it would give them an amusing picture of the artistic temperament expressing itself through a very sensitive and wayward and self-conscious nature, by no means free from malice."

"Did Whistler like that portrait?" I asked.

"Not in the least. At about the time it was painted, he did a portrait of Chase. They say he said to Chase, 'I painted you as a gentleman, and you painted me as a mountebank.' They also say he destroyed the portrait by Chase and never spoke to Chase again.

We went straight into the Whistler room. "In some ways it's a good thing that the collection here is so small. It enables people

to take it all in and to get a pretty fair idea of what Whistler was trying to do. See that row of canvases looking like Japanese work? I call them Japanese because most people describe them in that way. They're really not Japanese at all except in the use of what looks like a Japanese parasol. But they are confused with the Japanese for the simple reason that Whistler aims to do what the Japanese have been doing for many generations—to give each canvas purity and harmony of tone. What he cares for most of all is delicacy of color, and he knows that delicacy of color and delicacy of design are intimately related. As a matter of fact, before the Japanese, the Chinese worked in that way, and before them the Byzantines."

"But do we see such effects in nature?" I asked.

"Of course, we do. Nature, after all, is the only guide. It's the harmony of nature that all the great painters have been trying to reproduce. People speak as if Whistler had made a great discovery. But he didn't. His point of view was very like that of the old masters. He emphasized it, however, with his peculiar genius, and he expressed it through a temperament that was original and sensitive. In the portrait of Mrs. Huth over there, he carried out the idea with splendid effect. He wanted to bring out the fineness and the distinction of the face and the figure. So he had the subject dressed simply and yet richly, in dark velvet, with touches of white at the throat and wrists, and he put her against a very dark background, which emphasized the face and head. It has been exhibited all over the world and greatly admired. But, personally, I couldn't stand having it around. The genius in it is unquestionable, but the effect is too conscious and sickly. One gets the impression of a woman who has been bred in a hothouse, in an atmosphere that makes for refinement without making for vigor."

"The Falling Rocket," the painter reminded me, was the picture that had involved Whistler in his celebrated suit against Ruskin. "It illustrates the change that can take place in the attitude toward art in the course of a few years only. To us, used as we are to the work of the impressionists, it doesn't seem at all unconventional, but it must have made Ruskin furious. Otherwise he would not have accused Whistler of throwing a pot of paint in the face of the public. The expression illustrates the amenities of art criticism, as it is practiced even by the great. That trial was one of the most ridiculous sensations connected with the history of art. The marvel was that Whistler's reputation as a serious worker should have survived the humiliation of the award of damages to

the extent of one farthing. But he regarded the experience as a joke, as he did many things in life."

What could Ruskin have meant by saying that "The Falling Rocket" was a pot of paint flung in the face of the public? When I asked the painter, as we stood before the canvas, dark green in tone, the sparks from the rocket descending between the trees, with glimpses of fire on the little lake in the background, he replied: "His eye was simply unfamiliar with that kind of painting. It seemed to him careless and messy work. He didn't see the truth and the fidelity and the poetic sensibility in the execution. So he boldly condemned, as so many of us do when we don't understand, particularly those of us who are in positions of authority."

The two nudes, "Venus" and "Venus Rising From the Sea," the painter pointed out to illustrate the difference among artists, both painters and sculptors, in their treatment of nudity. "Whistler makes the figures part of the general color scheme. The flesh tints blend into the coloring of the background. He gives us here, as he does in all his work, a symphony of color. Till we relate ourselves to the sensitiveness in his work we can't get at its meaning or realize why it's so greatly admired by the connoisseurs."

"The Study in Rose and Brown" reminded the painter of Velasquez. "In some ways they were a good deal alike, and this subject bears a curious resemblance to some of the types that Velasquez painted. Whistler was wonderfully successful with his portraits. I wish that his portrait of his mother might be here. Besides being his greatest popular success, it expresses all his philosophy of painting. It also shows what a devoted son he must have been. He put a profound tenderness and depth of feeling into that canvas. However, the pictures here are all worth study. The small canvases are beautifully done, every one atmospheric."

The butterfly signature on the paintings, skilfully woven into the composition, was another illustration of the character and method of the artist. "He liked to pose as a butterfly, and he loved the color and the grace that the butterfly suggested. But he was about as far removed in his real nature from that symbol as anyone could possibly have been. The bee would have represented him much more accurately, in more ways than one."

THE IMPRESSIONISTS

VI



EVIDENTLY, in the mind of my guide, Whistler was a most significant figure in the art of today. "It's the emphasis that Whistler has given on certain aspects of life that is so important. He had the good luck to express it through a unique temperament. Of course, he owes a great deal to the chance of his coming into the world just when he did. While he was still at a most impressionable age, young and ardent, feeling his way, a great battle was going on among the painters of France, a kind of rebellion. Monet and Manet and Pissaro and Sisley, the English painter, who was born and brought up in France, and many others, were rebelling against the academic school that upheld the traditions of David and Delaroche, who liked to paint story-telling pictures relating to Greece and Rome. The new men were interested in the beauty of things all around them, all kinds of things, and, most of all, the light."

The subject of light caused the painter to make a digression. "Come along with me," he said, "and I will show you a forerunner of impressionism, the man that was an impressionist before Claude Monet ever heard the word. As a matter of fact, there were, of course, impressionists long before the school of impressionists came into being, that is, men intensely interested in atmosphere and in painting what they actually saw and felt."

Presently we stood before "Sunset, Venice," by Joseph Mallard William Turner. "This canvas is the only Turner in the Exposition and a good many people pass it by without giving it a glance. It's very typical and it shows Turner at his best. It's curious that Ruskin should have raved over Turner and should have raged over Whistler, who, in a sense, was directly related to Turner in his attitude toward art. The two men loved beauty for beauty's sake and they had the courage to put down what they actually felt. You know, of course, the story about the man who said to Turner: 'I've never seen anything like that,' and was given the retort, 'Ah, but don't you wish you could?'"

We spent several minutes studying this canvas, admiring the composition, the wonderful tone of gold, the rich atmosphere, and

the splendor of the effect as a whole. "Only a poet could have done it," said the painter. "The pity is that there are not more Turners in the exhibit. But they are hard to secure. Every one of them is worth a fortune. Some time I wish that we might have an exhibition where the development of impressionism would be studied by means of a display of canvases, starting with a man like Turner and running down to the men of today who are represented here in such large numbers. It stands for the great revolution in modern art, all the more interesting because just now there are signs of a reaction against it among the post-impressionists and the futurists. But its influence is sure to last. It affects all painters today, even those who are not generally considered in any way related to impressionism."

We returned to a room next to the Whistler room. "Here are the Monets, which will illustrate what I mean." The painter pointed to "Havre, Terrace by the Sea." "When Monet painted the 'Havre' picture he followed the conventional method. He was a young man and he hadn't found himself. Observe the light and the shadow on the ground. The shadow is leaden and the light might be moonlight. As Monet went on working he began to realize that light was one of the most important qualities in a picture, perhaps the most important of all. He saw that there was a decided difference between the aspects of the same scene at different times of the day. He said that if the light was properly handled it ought to be easy for anyone who understood light to know just when outdoor pictures were painted, even to the hour of the day. Now, that hay-stack was obviously painted of a summer's evening. It was a good idea on the part of the Exposition authorities to secure Monets that should represent the painter in the different periods of his career."

"And the way the paint is put on," I remarked, "is so different in the haystack from the way it's put on in 'Havre.'"

"Monet completely changed his method. He developed the theory that the painter should follow nature's method of throwing light on objects. So he analyzed light. He decomposed it. He got at the prismatic colors. Those colors he put on his canvas, with the idea that the spectator's eye would recompense them. In order to recompose them we ought to stand away from the canvas. When we get too close we see the paint in blotches, put on heavy for the purpose of giving the atmospheric effect. In an exposition it is inevitable that some of the pictures, particularly those worked

out on a large plan, shall appear at a disadvantage. If one has to stand too close the best that can be done is to look through half-closed eyes. However, these Monets are well placed here. One can get the fine atmospheric quality in the most impressionistic of them. See how beautifully the mist is indicated in the Seine at Portvillers. Monet shows us the wonderful bits of color just breaking through. And the picture of the town of Vetheuil, very like his own village of Giverny, near Rouen, is one of his most characteristic studies. At home he likes to go out in the early morning with a wheelbarrow containing a half-dozen canvases. He puts them up in a semicircle and he works on them, one after another, as the light changes."

Then the painter told me about the struggle Monet and his little group had for recognition. "Year after year they would send canvases to the salon in Paris and they would be turned down. At last, in the late sixties, Napoleon III interfered. He suggested that the new men be given a place by themselves in the exposition, and that their department should be called, 'The Salon of the Refused.' One of the first of the pictures that Monet sent in was a sunset called 'Impressions: Sunset.' Then someone called the whole group of painters 'Impressionists.' Manet said, 'I don't care what they call us.' Soon the name became fixed, and now it is generally accepted as a good description. As we go through the Exposition we shall find that nearly all the work done during the past twenty-five years, whether it is impressionistic or not, has been influenced by Monet and Manet and their school. There are several other Monets in the French Building, but there is only one Manet there, the only one in the whole Exposition. It would have been interesting to study his work in connection with Whistler. They were both strongly influenced in their technique by Velasquez. The impressionists opened up an entirely new field of art, and, in so doing, they opened up a new field of beauty in the world. They made us see beauty where we had been unaware of it before, or only partly aware. They showed us that, just as music was the poetry of sound, painting was the poetry of sight."

We stopped in front of a picture that looked curiously like an old master. The painter pointed to two others in exactly the same manner. "Adolphe Monticelli was a contemporary of Monet and Manet, but he died comparatively young. He worked for some time in Paris, without success. Then he went back to Marseilles. He was often glad to sell a picture for a few francs. He put his

paint on very thickly. When you are close to the canvas you see practically nothing but paint in blotches. But when you stand at a distance the picture composes itself and takes on a fine variety of color and tone and a wonderful liveliness. See how fond he is of russet colors. They give his work very great richness and depth. It doesn't make any difference what his subject is, he makes it interesting and individual by his treatment."

When the painter turned away I followed. "Now I am going to give you a little surprise," he said. He stopped before a wall that contained eight canvases curiously like those we had been admiring. "Walter Griffin paints after the same method. For that reason he is often compared with Monticelli. But he has his own individuality. See what magnificent effects he gets by those Monticelli russet tones in his Venetian scenes. He knows the value that goes with broken color. Now let us go to see the work of another man who is a master in this kind of technique, Childe Hassam."

On the way we stopped to look at the work of a San Francisco painter that my guide particularly admired, Miss E. Charlton Fortune, represented by seven canvases. "Miss Fortune is one of the most promising of all our painters," he said. "See this fine 'Carmel Mission.' It has been bought by William M. Chase. I'd rather have a picture of mine bought by Chase than get all the medals either here or anywhere else. I think I can understand why Chase likes this picture so much. Though it's indoors, it's full of light, and its done with great strength, with virility. And the tone is beautiful. The shadow is very lightly indicated. Everything keeps its place. Men like Sargent and Whistler would be interested in work of this kind. They both learned from Velasquez the importance of keeping the figures on the canvas behind the frame, with every detail properly subordinated."

Before we reached the Hassam room we lingered before four pictures by Birge Harrison, delicate pastel work, very atmospheric. And in presence of those thirty Hassam canvases we fairly bathed in atmosphere. One immediately attracted my attention, the most brilliant in the room and, according to my view, the most beautiful—"Sunset: New England Coast." "How that picture illustrates Monet's theory that you ought to be able to tell the time of day and the atmospheric conditions of a painting. Anyone would know that the scene was late in summer and about seven o'clock in the evening. Hassam gets his opalescences and his vi-

brating effects by using many colors and by keeping his values well arranged. He has developed a wonderful technical skill by working in every medium. You will find here water colors, water colors on tinted paper, and pastelles, and other varieties. Hassam is very delicate in his use of the colored chalk that gives some of the most poetic effects in the pastelle work. The color comes in powder. Then it is mixed with paste into sticks. These canvases make one see what Hassam can do when he works under favorable conditions. That mural decoration of his in the Court of Palms shows how he was handicapped by working under conditions that he didn't understand. Lack of experience in that kind of painting made him miscalculate. In all of the pictures here he gives evidence of possessing a marvelously keen color sense. When he was out here painting his mural he did some paintings on our California hills. He shows how they looked to him in spring. He caught them perfectly. They are California all over. But the shadows are a little cooler than most California painters make them. It expresses something about the atmosphere in this part of California that a good many Easterners feel when they come out here."

As we passed from canvas to canvas the painter pointed out to me evidences of Hassam's fine decorative sense. It extended even to the frames. Several of those frames were masterpieces. So often the frame of a picture damaged or weakened or flatly contradicted the picture's meaning.

FRIESEKE, TANNER AND MELCHERS

VII



FROM Hassam we went to another open-air man, the winner of the grand prize, Frederic Carl Frieseke. When I asked the painter if there had been a great surprise among the artists when the award was announced, he shook his head. In his opinion Frieseke was a marvel. "You can see at a glance what individuality he has. After studying one of his canvases it is easy enough to pick out the other. They all have a mellow quality, and they all show the most careful attention to light. Consider for example, 'Summer.' The treatment of

that nude figure and of the details in the surroundings is particularly good. Perhaps only a painter can see what a difficult problem Frieseke set himself there. The whole picture is worked out in a very light atmosphere. Even the shadows are light. The color scheme is admirable, the pearly tones warmed by the use of the pink drapery. The coloring of the picture as a whole reminds me of the tints in the interior of an abalone shell."

"There is one quality in Frieseke that I particularly admire," continued the painter—"his fine sense of the decorative. It is well displayed in his simple picture of the 'Girl Embroidering,' which some people think won for him the grand prize. It's a great picture, but the prize went to Frieseke's work as a whole. Though there's strength in the way Frieseke handles his brush, he has a remarkable delicacy of modeling. His treatment of the neck of the girl is particularly skillful in its suggestion of extreme refinement. It is only one value removed from the background, and yet it is instinct with tenderness and life. And observe how the color in the hair is broken, giving the sense of vitality there. Frieseke repeats his color notes as Whistler did. If you find a spot of red in one place you'll be sure to see it repeated in another to keep it from standing out in the picture. Everything he does shows a clear understanding of values. What mellowness he gets in 'Youth.' The girl in the chair is actually sitting there, resting her whole weight. The whole scene vibrates with life."

There was a picture by an American painter that next held our attention for a long time, "Christ at the Home of Lazarus," by Henry O. Tanner. "Only a very spiritual man could have painted that picture. The whole arrangement is simple and sincere and reverential. In the treatment of the head of Christ Tanner follows tradition; but he manages at the same time to suggest the mingling of the human and the divine in his own way. The figure to the right of the canvas represents Tanner himself. Many modern painters have introduced themselves into groups seated at table with Christ. Perhaps the most notable work of the kind is Von Uhde's. Tanner is a mulatto. He has lived for many years abroad. There's a painting of him in here by Eakins. It shows his face more clearly than this portrait, though this portrait is very lifelike. He is one of the most spiritual of men. He likes living abroad and I suppose he will stay there for the rest of his life. He once said to me: 'I have an opportunity over here. I'm treated like

everyone else.' One of the best known of his paintings, 'The Raising of Lazarus,' was bought by the French government. It has a rich amber quality, like a Rembrandt. Since the time he painted it his work has become much more varied in color, and it has much more light. Here, as you can see, there's plenty of light."

Another figure of Christ we found in the Gari Melchers' room, "Supper at Emmaus." "It's more conventional than Tanner's and not nearly so fine in feeling," said the painter. "There's something theatrical about the work as a whole, and something detached and aristocratic in the figure of Christ. So many pictures associated with Christ fail in this way. It seems to me that Christ was essentially a democrat, one who mingled with people easily and freely, on terms of equality. However, Melchers can paint, and he can paint magnificently, as anyone can see by glancing over this room. Could anything be finer in its way than his 'Sailor and His Sweetheart.' Both figures are typically Dutch. The man is dumb and heavy and unemotional, looking blankly out on life with those clear blue eyes that suggest natural goodness. The woman is marvelously well done. See the adoration that is expressed by her resting her hand on the man's hand and by her timid staring into his face. Though Melchers was born in Detroit, of German stock, he has spent a large part of his life abroad. He studied in France and he lived in Holland for many years. Like a good many other American painters, he is very fond of Holland and Holland scenes. He has made a great reputation for his painting of Dutch types. Some time ago he was given a professorship in the Weimar School of Fine Arts. In Holland he made a collection of the old embroidered stuffs worn by the women. You'll often see them in his Dutch pictures. In the 'Sailor and His Sweetheart' the girl wears a very beautiful piece and it is painted with marvelous skill."

My eye was attracted by the splendid painting of "The Smithy," one of the most conspicuous of the canvases, the central figure seeming to personify the spirit of the honest and healthy Dutch laborer. "How did Melchers get his scene there?" I asked. "It must have been very hard to compose it, with the figures and all the detail, in a studio."

"The chances are that he did it right on the spot. Over in Europe painters often go about working in that way. The practice is very common in Holland, so common that people aren't intense-

ly curious as they would be in this country. The whole attitude toward art over there is, of course, very different from what it is here. That's why so many American painters like to expatriate themselves. They feel more at home when they're abroad. A painter that I know tells a story about an experience he had shortly after he returned from Paris to this country. One day he was sitting by a roadside working on a landscape. An old man came along, driving a wagon, and called out to him: 'Hey, you lazy fellow, why don't you get to work?'

The story reminded me of a story that William H. Howe, the cattle painter, tells to illustrate the indignities of the artist's calling in this country. On one occasion he called on a cattleman to ask permission to paint some of the cattle on the place. The man was friendly and readily gave his consent. "What do you do for a living?" he asked. "I paint," Howe replied, somewhat surprised. The man showed that he was disappointed. He looked Howe all over. Then he said, with reproach in his voice: "Why don't you do something that's manly?"

"People who take that attitude toward art have no idea of the immense amount of labor that goes into a canvas," said the painter. "They think it must be easy because, after the work is done, it looks so easy. However, you can see that a man like Gari Melchers really enjoys his work, and that it brings a great enrichment into his life. He's at his best in indoor scenes, in spite of his brilliant treatment of light. Out of doors he is inclined to be a little chalky. Only a big man could have painted that woman nursing a child, 'Maternity,' a man with fineness and tenderness of feeling and with insight and a capacity for taking pains. Of all our painters he is one of the most virile. So many painters in their work suggest that they have lost touch with every-day living, as if somehow their thought and feeling had become attenuated. Melchers gives the impression of being absolutely sound in his point of view, one who stands firmly on his feet and looks life straight in the face and is in sympathy with all earthly things. He presents all his types in a way that gives them a fine human significance."

THE SWEDISH SECTION

VIII

"**I**F YOU want to see impressionism worked out in a new way," said the painter, "we ought to give some time to the Swedish section."

When we arrived the painter went on: "I suppose that no country in the world has failed to be influenced by the impressionistic school. But in every country it has shown itself in ways that are more or less different, sometimes strikingly so. From a school or from a master one painter may receive one kind of influence, and another painter may receive another kind, and all painters are bound to be affected by the national temperament. For example, people often wonder how Whistler and Sargent could both have been influenced by Velasquez, when they paint in such different styles. Whistler got tonal suggestions and Sargent got his technique."

As we looked at those canvases by Gustav Adolf Fjaestad we needed no great understanding to realize that we were in the presence of a master. "Though Fjaestad works along the lines of Whistler, he has a distinct quality of his own. In fact, of all the impressionistic painters of Sweden, he is the most distinctive. He is not photographic or realistic. He paints what appeals to him and everything he does he makes decorative. But before we go into his pictures in detail let's have a look at the portrait he has made of himself. It's always interesting to see the man behind the work."

We stood before a vigorously outlined sketch of a man in middle life, with a smooth, deeply-lined face, strong features and deep-set, keen eyes. "See how much he gives you in a few strokes. And how decorative he makes the sketch as a whole. Even there he shows his decorative instinct. If he had chosen he might have made himself a great portrait painter, but he preferred landscape, just as Sargent does, in spite of a lifetime of success in portrait painting. Landscape is, in some ways, much more attractive to the big worker who takes an impersonal attitude toward life. It brings him up against something more inspiring than little man, nature in her infinite variety."

We went from canvas to canvas to study Fjaestad's reactions from his observations. That he loved nature was plain enough, but he was not content to follow nature slavishly. He selected and he rearranged according to his own fancy. "He would laugh if he could hear our American self-made critics talk about the importance of making things literal."

"And yet you always get the impression of nature in his work," I said.

"Exactly, because he is a true and searching observer. Like all the big men, he teaches us how to observe. His 'Winter Moonlight,' for example, is a masterpiece of observation which he turns into a marvelously fine decoration. The branches of the trees, covered with snow, he places low in the picture, in the foreground, and almost in the center of the canvas, high in the sky, he places the moon, which fills the whole scene with a subdued radiance, and gives us the feeling that the atmosphere is rich and thick. What is most wonderful about the work is that it catches the feeling of the scene."

Another snow picture, "Hoar Frost in Sunlight," showed how completely Fjaestad had identified himself with the open-air school. On the thick snow lay the delicate purple shadows that might have been painted by Monet, harmonizing with the color of the boughs to the left. Through the snow-encrusted white trees played the warm light. "Even his color here was decorative," said the painter. "It pleases him to make some of those boughs white and others blue. So he does it, without stopping to consider whether nature does the same thing or not."

"Summer Evening at the River" and "Summer Night's Breeze" made us see that Fjaestad shared the fondness of Monticelli and many another painter for russet brown. In both canvases he contrasted it with other colors. "Summer Evening at the River" was, indeed, among the loveliest of all his color schemes. But perhaps the most daring and remarkable effect was to be found in "Moonlight on the Mountain Lake," where the moon, not revealed in her place in the sky, glowed from the lake's depths behind a wide rowboat that might have seemed ugly if it had not been so skilfully used in the decoration.

"You feel the presence of a splendid artistic intelligence behind all these canvases," said the painter, "and a skilled crafts-

manship. They are very remarkable for their application to purely decorative work, which is often so formal, of principles that give it life and color and variety. They are so strong that they would be likely to kill any other canvases that were placed nearby. Those tapestries up there, you see, express the same kind of imagination. They were designed by Fjaestad and worked out by his sister."

In the room leading directly from the Fjaestad pictures we found the work of another brilliant Swedish painter, Anna Boberg. "She has the vigor of a man in her work. Like Fjaestad, she is fond of outdoor scenes, but she isn't so decorative. She keeps much closer to realistic effects. 'The First Snow in the Mountains' was probably painted with great speed, which doesn't mean that it was not carefully done. Often painters do their best work at white heat, and the atmospheric painters often have to catch their effects swiftly or lose them altogether. This big, sweeping canvas represents good bravura work. It seizes the impression and gives it to us by means of sweeping and powerful brush strokes. Note the strength and the splendor of coloring in that smaller canvas of Anna Boberg's 'Drying the Sails.' It could have been done only by an able technician."

As the painter and I passed from canvas to canvas by Anna Boberg, I spoke of the masculine vigor of her style. "It's characteristic of the Swedish women painters; just why I don't know, perhaps on account of the rigor of the climate, perhaps some inherent national traits. At any rate, they don't waste their time over mere prettiness or weak sentimental painting."

The titles of Anna Boberg's work interested the painter. He called my attention to their lack of direct description. "Hilly Country," "Cliffs," "Sunny Recess in the Mountains," "The Fisher's Cemetery" and "Arctic Night."

"You see, she doesn't care to tell you that this picture or that represents a particular place. She isn't interested in competing with photographs. She's not a servile copyist. But she does care for outdoor painting and she wants us to realize her purpose, which is to catch effects of light and shade. She is particularly successful in her use of broken color and in the securing of rich tones."

The three canvases by Otto Hesselbom reminded us both of Fjaestad, though they were less subjective. "My Native Land" showed great skill on making the landscape both fine in coloring and highly decorative. He painted with a broad stroke and he

was fond of combinations of blue and russet, favored by the English painter, Brangwyn. Another Swedish painter with a fondness for russet was Axel Kulle. Then there was one of those great women painters, Elsa Backlund-Celsing, whose work showed she was always looking for decoration. She did not paint with so full a brush as some of the others, but she used a vigorous stroke and her figures were just as well developed.

The work of Oscar Hullgren stirred the painter to enthusiasm. "This man knows how to paint the sea. And he knows the sea in different moods and each mood that he treats is distinct. In 'Sun Glitter on the Sea' we get the happy play of light over the surface. But in 'The Sea' we get the sea that swallowed up the Lusitania. Hullgren gives us the sense of power and cruelty and of the terrible loneliness that goes with the sea's mystery. It's not a story-telling picture and yet it tells its own story. It has imaginative depth. It's the kind of work that will make you realize just why so many painters dislike a canvas like Hovenden's 'Breaking Home Ties'."

"But there's a good homely sentiment in Hovenden's work," I insisted.

"Exactly. That's just what it is. If you translate it into literary terms you get something like the poetry of James Whitcomb Riley. But you don't get Milton. You don't get profundity. Now that's what you do get in this sea picture of Hullgren's. There's another picture that is very popular, in the class with Hovenden's, Luke Fildes' 'The Doctor.' You know it, of course, the kindly, middle-aged doctor sitting at the bedside of a sick child. It's all right in its way, but it isn't great art. Compare it with the picture of the old merchant, bowed down with care, by George Frederick Watts, 'For He Had Great Possessions,' and you'll see the difference. There's a magnificent story-telling canvas. And the reason is that the story has great depth and has to express itself by a great conception. That figure seems to be weighed down by all the material cares of the world. In itself it's an arraignment of the kind of civilization that encourages the piling up of wealth."

Still I was not wholly convinced. "But there's a place in painting, isn't there, for those gentle human stories that touch the heart? It seems to me that the world is losing something by their going out of fashion among painters."

"Unquestionably there's a place and there always will be. And there will always be painters whose natural tendency will be to

express themselves in that way. In 'Breaking Home Ties' Hoven-den expressed the fineness and the sympathy in his own character. Do you know what happened to him at the end? Well, he was walking along the street and he saw a child just about to be run over by a street car. He rushed forward, threw the child out of the way and was killed himself."

We had for a moment got away from the Swedes, but not from the human spirit behind them, as I realized when we came upon the work of John Bauer and Carl Larsson. They were, to be sure, saturated with the Swedish feeling, but they were first of all human, both lovers of their kind, with a soft spot in their hearts for children.

In the Larsson room we had a feast. And, incidentally, we both felt as if we had met in an intimate way a very original and delightful character, the man behind the work. "Here's a man," said the painter, "that can stay away from the life of the city and be happy at home, working at his painting, enjoying his family and making his home beautiful. Some painters go far afield for their subjects. Larsson, you see, finds subjects in his own house and garden. He paints the rooms, with the family living there, and he makes every scene life-like and beautiful in feeling. Here are story-telling pictures, if you like, with genius in them and the healthiest kind of sentiment, of universal appeal. Now and then you catch a glimpse of Larsson himself, with his happy Swedish face, very blond, yellow mustache and blue eyes, working at a table, with his boy looking on, or reflected in a mirror. In one canvas we see furniture that we find in another canvas outside, under the trees. And note how skillful he is in his drawing. If you find a spot of red in one place in the canvas you'll be sure to find it carried on in another, after the fashion of Whistler and the Japanese. Somehow he has managed to make you feel that his own happy spirit pervades that family life. And you can catch his kindly, humorous attitude toward the others. You may be sure he's the life of the place and everybody is his friend. The old grandmother, a little infirm and lame, is treated with fine tenderness and fidelity. This collection of domestic studies is marvelous in its way. And the sketches of nude figures show that Larsson has a wide range of talent and a superb technique."

Those Larsson pictures caused the painter to express some regret that, in this country, we did not have anyone who did similar

work. "Larsson is a public institution in Sweden," he said. "Of all the Swedish painters he is the most beloved. He has endeared himself to the children by his illustrated books, full of good feeling and healthy humor. There's a Swedish saying, 'When Larsson laughs, all Sweden laughs.' In his pictures there's a whole philosophy of living. The domestic series here might be called, 'How to be happy with your own family.' Nearly every one of them shows that Larsson takes a humorous attitude toward life. And yet there is depth of feeling suggested here and there. 'The Home's Angel,' with the spirit of the mother standing in the nursery, could only have been done by a painter who was a poet, too. 'The Old Room' is the guest room. Many distinguished travelers in Sweden have slept in that bed. Just to amuse himself Larsson has put there the figure of a naughty boy. 'Wash House,' by its coloring, suggests blue Monday. Larsson lets us see the home in all its varieties of activity. And he makes the pictures significant by infusing them with his own spirit."

The painter went on to emphasize the difference between this kind of work and mere photography. The camera could paint sharp surfaces, and could reproduce what actually existed in outline, but it couldn't do summer and winter air, and it couldn't put imagination and feeling into a scene, the qualities derived only through human consciousness. The trouble with most people in looking at pictures was that they expected exactness and they kept in mind the reputation of objects. In art it was not reality that counted, it was reality expressed through imagination and mind and character, through all those influences that developed interesting and artistic reactions. The Swedish painters had caught the impressionistic philosophy and had applied it with wonderful success. Then, too, they had the advantage of living in natural conditions that were very inspiring to the artist. Anna Boberg, for example, found her subjects farther north than any other painter had gone. Those rugged arctic scenes must have helped to make her treatment broad, broader, in some ways, than that of any other painter in the exhibit. On the other hand, there were Swedish painters who dealt with milder aspects of nature and showed a similar power.

In a few moments we were standing before the three masterly canvases by Alfred Bergstrom, representing spring and summer scenes. In the opinion of the painter, "Spring Evening" was

among the finest of the pictures in the exhibit, true to the land and carefully worked out in feeling and in execution, to be compared with Metcalfe's work. Another picture charmed us both, Schultzberg's "Midsummer Night," a study of the midnight sun, painted after midnight, very beautiful, the only picture of the kind in the collection. Among the other canvases by the same hand, nine altogether, we liked the snow scenes the best, brilliant examples of open-air work. "When you look at those pictures, you can realize what a tremendous change impressionism made in painting. In my opinion Monet was as great a pioneer as Rubens, who discovered the importance of placing together warm and cold tones. Other men before him had been working on similar lines. Constable did a great deal to make the impressionist movement possible. Before him no one thought of painting landscapes for their own sake. They were principally decorative backgrounds. Whether Monet ever saw the work of Turner I don't know. But long before Monet came forward Turner had been doing magnificent pioneering. It subjected him to a great deal of ridicule. It used to be said that Turner painted his pictures by sitting on a palette and then sitting on his canvas. People were so used to the old academic way of looking at things that it was hard for them to understand the new way. And, of course, the violent impressionists helped to keep back the movement. There's nothing in the world easier than to make a bad impressionist picture, but to make a good impressionist picture, to put on the colors so that they shall vibrate and harmonize and at the same time express harmony of design, is a feat. Every good impressionist picture ought to make you feel that it has atmospheric envelopment, that there is the suggestion of a veil about it. And no picture can be great without making you feel that it has tone. Whistler is quite right in repeatedly suggesting that there is a direct relation between painting and music. You often hear artists say of a good picture, 'You could almost play it on the piano.'"

Among the Swedish paintings that we next saw not one failed to meet this kind of test. Sometimes the suggestions were of very heavy music, sometimes of milder strain. Another of those great women painters astonished me by the vigor of her work—Anna Wrangel. Then there were fine studies of peasant types, interesting and subtle characterizations by Mas. Olle, which I liked far better than his striking portrait of "His Majesty King Gustave V." Then there was the wonderful painting of Bruno Liljebors, four great canvases—"Swans," "Wild Geese," "Sea Eagles" and "Sea

Gull at the Nest." "There's mastery," said the painter. "What a superb imagination he has. And what vigor and sweep of line, and what harmony of color. He's not one of those men that shut themselves up in their studios and paint like galley slaves from transient impressions. He's a hunter and sportsman, and he knows his subjects well. Among other things he knows that nature protects birds by making them take on the colors of their surroundings. All his work shows that he is a fine student of natural history. Whistler would take the greatest delight in these canvases. True as they are to life, they are essentially decorative. And yet they give you the feeling of all outdoors."

THE FRENCH SECTION

IX



OUR interest in impressionism led us to the French section. Here the painter called my attention to two small canvases by Edmond Aman-Jean—"Woman With a Carnation" and "Portrait of a Woman." "Some people like to say that the modern Frenchmen are too realistic in their painting," he said. "But no such charge can be made against Aman-Jean. Each of these portraits expresses a very sensitive and poetic nature. Of the two, the 'Portrait of a Woman' seems to me to be the lovelier simply because the quality of the pastel adds to the beauty. The other portrait, however, in oil, is superbly done. This man has every quality that goes with the making of a great modern painter. He shows that he has an instinctive appreciation of beauty of type. He presents his subjects in a very decorative way, with charm and warmth of coloring. He infuses warmth even into the color of his shadows. Whistler could have admired these two studies. They have something of the workmanship that made his painting so distinguished. Till one catches the beauty that lies in the happy juxtaposition of colors it is impossible to understand what the big men of today, the poets of the brush, are trying to do."

What the big men are not trying to do we saw in Henri Foréau's story-telling painting, "In the Village, Burial of a French

Soldier." "It's just the kind of picture that Whistler would have hated—the sentiment is so obvious and cheap. To heighten the pathos Foreau made the day rainy. He wants us to see that even the heavens weep over this sad event. It's like crude acting. Whatever may be said about the new methods of painting, there's no doubt that it makes a much more subtle appeal than the old method, though there are, of course, those who say we are merely returning to what some of the earlier men undertook to do, the men who saw in color and design the chief purpose of painting and who refused to make it the servant of anecdote."

In the single canvas of George Maury the painter found one of the gems of this collection, "Shellfish." It gave him a theme for a discourse on the subject of nudity. "This canvas might be taken as an example of an absolutely clean and healthy treatment of the nude. What could be purer than the presentation of those girlish figures? You can see at once that the attitude of the artist toward those lovely young bodies is very like the attitude that might be taken by their mother. He works in the spirit that inspired Mrs. Burroughs when she made the central figure in her 'Fountain of Youth,' in one of the two niches under the Tower of Jewels. Each of these forms is characteristically drawn, and the light, pearly tones of the flesh seem to carry on the color of the shells that the girls hold in their hands. The shells may be said to give the motif. The modeling is wonderfully fine, with an effect of plasticity that suggests ease of workmanship, as if the painter had completely lost himself in his task. The group is beautifully enveloped and seems to blend into the atmosphere.

With this masterpiece in our minds it was almost startling to come upon another nude, by Albert Besnard—"Woman Sleeping." On the ground lay a very highly developed figure, bathed in light and shadow, one of the breasts looking as if it presented a bleeding wound. "This kind of nude the public doesn't care for," I said. "Some people it even makes a little sick. They wonder why a painter could take so gross a type and present it, nude, in surroundings that are so incongruous."

"And yet it's magnificently done," said the painter, eyeing the canvas as if it were a luscious peach. "Only a great master could have painted it in just that way. In every detail it shows virile strength. It's a hard task to keep the tones light and to get the rotundity of the figure as Besnard has done here. Compare it with

the smooth, insipid nude by Mercie, over here—"The Awakening"—and you will see the difference. That kind of nude, unfortunately, is admired by the public. Besnard is generally recognized as one of the best of the modern men. He's the president of the French Academy at Rome. In the annex there are some of the big canvases that he painted on the Ganges. But the two canvases that are here are very interesting from the technical point of view."

As we stood before the second of the Besnards, "The Gypsy," the painter indicated the skill shown in the characterizing of the type and in the use of color. The combination of green and crimson might have been harsh if the crimson had been kept solid, instead of being softened by merging into milder tones. For all his daring Besnard knew just how far to go with his color schemes.

One modest canvas moved the painter to enthusiasm, "A Hill-side in the Jura," by Auguste Emanuel Pointelin. He called it "the great thing here," and he expatiated on the simplicity and the depth of feeling in the treatment. "To think that it should have been done by a man who was a distinguished teacher of mathematics and who made painting his pastime. You would expect to find the characteristics of the mathematician. But you find nothing of the sort. The vastness and the loneliness of the country, instead of being mathematically indicated are conveyed by suggestion. It is as if two kinds of men lived in Pointelin, each contradicting the other, the scientist and the artist."

We lingered before the fine work of Lucien Simon, Menard, Le Sidaner, Rafaelli, and before a characteristic Claude Monet. When we stood in front of the two canvases by Henri Martin it seemed as if we had reached the extreme point of impressionism. "The Lovers" fairly glowed with sunshine. Even the shadows conveyed the sense of heat. And the figures, what vitality they had and what character! Martin's portrait of himself, as anyone could see, was a master work. But to get the full effect one had to view it from a distance, with the eyes taking their place in that vigorously indicated face and the landscape behind fairly shimmering. I could agree with the painter's comment: "Now you see impressionism at its best, vibrating with life and color."

One piece of sculpture fascinated my companion, Rodin's bust of Falguiere, the painter and sculptor. He extolled the vigor of the surfaces. "How characteristic they are. Rodin did his best

because he felt that he was working for a fellow artist who could appreciate his best. He let himself go, as Sargent did when he painted Joe Jefferson, who was a good painter as well as a great actor. This bust represents the work he did after his statue of Balzac was rejected by Paris, and Falguiere was chosen to do a statue in its place. At the same time Falguiere did a bust of Rodin, a courteous exchange between two great masters."

THE ITALIAN SECTION

X



ON ENTERING the Italian section the painter and I found ourselves in an entirely different atmosphere. Now there was no sense of crowding. There was quiet and rest. "If the Italians had done nothing else, they deserve credit," said the painter, "for the way they have arranged and decorated these rooms. The collection is comfortably small. The pictures are hung on soft-colored walls. They are easy to see. In this section one has the feeling of repose that ought to be associated with art. Exhibitions are, of course, unnatural things. The Japanese have the right idea in putting one beautiful thing in a room at a time, and, after an interval, taking it away and putting something else in its place."

As we looked about the painter's eye rested on a lovely bit of Venice. "At last someone has come along and painted Venice in a new way," he exclaimed, walking forward toward the fine canvas by Scattola, in delicate grays, greens, purples, pinks and hints of blue. "In spite of all the colors that he uses there, what harmony he gets! No one that I am familiar with has ever painted Venice with just this kind of feeling. Scattola has dared to see an old subject with his own eyes. He isn't the mere literalist, who is so often the favorite of the public. He puts charm into his work and refinement and poetry."

In another room we found five canvases by Ettore Tito, one of Italy's greatest men, curiously varied in theme and in style, all painted with boldness and with a fine sense of color. Nearby three

other brilliant painters were represented in canvases that showed extraordinarily technical skill—Innocenti, Carlandi and Bazzaro. "The Italians show that they are still worthy of their inheritance," the painter commented. "But how their painters have been influenced by France. As a matter of fact, France is easily pre-eminent all over the world in the art of today. She is the source to which the present generation of painters must go for inspiration and guidance."

Another Italian painter that we met in the next room we entered—Mancini—the painter shook his head over. "He is generally regarded as a great master, but if this work represents his spirit, he has been overrated. He can paint with great cleverness, but his message here is unimportant except in the portrait of the old man, 'The Antiquary.' In painting, as in literature, style isn't enough. One must have something to say that is worth while."

The work of Noci appealed to the painter's professional sense for its extraordinary skill. When I objected to the painting of the lips in the portrait of the Italian actress, Lyda Borelli, he pointed out to me the genius shown in the arrangement, the power indicated in the treatment of the dark tones of the dress, the character in the pose and in the expression of the face. "Noci has caught a very definite type there, and made it live for us on the canvas. As for the lips, the chances are that they are truthfully done. That kind of facial decoration is often cultivated by the Continental women of the stage."

There was a nude by Sambo that was interesting because it showed impressionism run mad. And yet it had been awarded a silver medal. When I asked why so exaggerated and absurd a canvas should be honored, the painter reminded me that the awards had been made by judges of professional skill, who took a special interest in technical ability. There were evidences on this canvas of very adroit craftsmanship. But the artist had carried his experimenting too far. The figure looked as if it had been lit up from within by an electric light. The flesh had great spots, like disease, supposed to indicate shadows. To the layman the effect was repulsive. "This picture illustrates the dangers of specialization. In all kinds of work it's hard to be a specialist and to keep your head at the same time. Painters with a hobby are a good deal like doctors with a hobby. Instead of riding it, they let it ride them. The extreme impressionists have always stood in the way

of true impressionism, which has for its object to make the world alive to the miracle of light."

Beside the worldly figures on the walls there were more modest studies, some of them with qualities that suggested the simplicity and the quiet of the old masters. When I asked the painter if he did not feel a certain shrillness in much of the impressionism of today, both the Italian and the French, he nodded his head, and he added: "It reflects the nervousness and the superficiality of our modern life. Everything, of course, depends on the mind behind it. The old masters had a depth that most of the men today seem to lack, perhaps because they were more spiritual. But in a man like Cambon we find that modern Italy can produce work of deep feeling and fineness. His 'Maternity' is one of the most appealing of all the canvases here on account of the sincere treatment of the mother and child and the beauty of the color scheme. Cadorin, in his 'Portrait of an Artist,' gives us the study of a sculptor at work that makes us feel the self-forgetfulness and the devotion of a man who loses himself in his theme. The absorption of the sculptor somehow expresses the absorption of the painter in the rendering, the abandonment that always characterizes the best art."

The sincerity of the Italian sculptors we found indicated in several pieces of work, particularly in those where children were among the figures. But, so far as the public was concerned, there was one piece of statuary of transcendent interest, "Thy Neighbor," or "Proximus Tuus," by D'Orsi. "It's curious," the painter remarked, with regret in his tone, "the way the people flock around this work. There's nothing in the whole gallery that has attracted so much attention. It unquestionably has some good qualities. It is executed with strength, but it is cheaply realistic and theatrical. One doesn't catch the feeling and the imagination behind it that makes 'The Man with the Hoe' so fine. It's obviously an echo of Millet. So it lacks originality. Then, too, the man is not a type. He is an individual, sickly and apparently half-witted. He isn't made to seem like an expression of debasing economic conditions. He's not much more than a freak. And as for the detail that is so generally admired—the hob-nailed shoes, the buttons on the coat and the protruding ribs—they are not evidences of great skill. They merely show that the sculptor likes the photographic method, which, instead of emphasizing the spirit of his work, introduces distracting elements."

THE WOMEN PAINTERS' ROOM

XI



WHEN we went into gallery 65 we found ourselves in a room where the canvases consisted wholly of work done by women. "There are some well-known names here," said the painter. "They include Mary Cassatt, Cecilia Beaux, Mary Curtis Richardson, Jean McLane, Ellen Emmet Rand, Anne Bremer, Violet Oakley and Betty de Jong. The room shows that women are doing fine work in this country. It is a strong argument in favor of feminism."

The painter turned to the canvases by Mary Cassatt. "Here is one of the greatest women painters in the country, in fact, one of the greatest in the world. She is related to the earlier days of the impressionist movement, when her master, Degas, was associated with Monet and Manet and the other leaders of the new school. She and Berthe Morisot are the two most conspicuous women in the movement. Though her work bears a certain resemblance in style to Degas, it has individuality of its own. She isn't merely clever; she has distinction and depth, what we painters like to call quality, something that can't be cultivated, that has to come out of the nature of the artist. Of all her pictures here I like best 'The Woman with the Fan.' It could have been done only by a painter of extraordinary gifts."

From Mary Cassatt we turned to Cecilia Beaux. "These portraits," said the painter, "seem to me to be as clever as Sargent's in their freedom and directness and in the way the paint is put on. 'A New England Woman' is the adroit handling of a difficult scheme on account of the lightness in tone. There is wonderful character in the face, too. The study of the child with her nurse shows great brilliancy, both in the handling and in the arrangement."

When I objected to the cutting off of the upper part of the figure of the nurse, the painter smiled. "It strikes me," he said, "that you are introducing economic and social ideas into art criticism now. I don't think that the painter intended to be snobbish in treating the nurse so ruthlessly. She merely meant to use a novel scheme, and I think she succeeded, though the presenting

of only a part of the figure in the canvas is by no means without precedent. This scheme makes the dress of the nurse a pretty background for the figure of the little girl, and carries a very natural and attractive suggestion."

In Mary Curtis Richardson we found an artist long known as one of the ablest of San Francisco portrait-painters. "The Young Mother" was one of the most appealing of all the canvases in the room—the mother, simply and beautifully dressed, reclining on a couch with her young baby. The color scheme charmed the painter on account of its delicacy and harmony. "Mrs. Richardson paints women and children mainly," he said, "and she can be relied on for good color and drawing. It's hard to draw babies and make them look right. This baby is absolutely true to life. How simple the composition is, and yet how effective. And the rich golden tone of the canvas is in exactly the right key. The bowl of gold fish in the background blends in with fine skill."

In "The Dancing Girl," by Betty de Jong, the painter found what he regarded as an excellent example of broad and direct painting. "Miss de Jong is a French girl, who recently came to live here in San Francisco. Though she is very petite and feminine, she paints like a vigorous man. In her technique she is very advanced. Observe how in this canvas she gets down to the essentials, and how subtly she indicates the graduations of tone. It's curious," the painter went on, "the way people express themselves in art. You will find delicate looking people painting as if they were towers of strength, and other people of great vigor, some of them men of big physical frame, who paint in ways that are absurdly weak and effeminate."

In Anne Bremer we found another woman who painted like a man. Ellen Emmet Rand, too, had a strength and simplicity in dealing with her portraits. Her study of William James was a masterpiece of sympathetic divination. She had caught him just as those who knew him well saw him in everyday life, and she had expressed his earnestness and his kindness. The pose could not have been more characteristically or happily chosen. "Women ought to be good portrait painters on account of their insight," the painter remarked. "There are many women who are positively uncanny in their ability, not only to observe others, but to feel others, to get at qualities more subtle than those that can be taken

in merely by the eye. In my opinion, as women are more and more encouraged to go into portrait work, we shall develop among them some very great technicians."

Violet Oakley's portrait of a very striking-looking lady in middle life would have attracted us for the boldness of its execution and for the charm of its coloring, even if it had not borne the title of "The Tragic Muse." We agreed that we could not find anything particularly tragic in the face. Perhaps, after all, the title was an after-thought, a concession to popular interest. "There's a growing feeling among artists that titles are a nuisance. So often they introduce a distracting element. Ideally a picture ought to explain itself without the aid of literary interpretation. Now, this canvas bears in its execution the impress of ability and force in dealing with a most interesting subject."

There were many other canvases that held our attention, too numerous to be discussed in detail. Incidentally they reminded us that throughout their galleries the women painters had made a fine showing. It was a happy thought, nevertheless, to place this emphasis on what American women were doing in art, and what they promised to do during the next few years, which were undoubtedly destined to be full of changes and surprises. "We don't know much about the artistic capabilities of women yet," said the painter, "for the simple reason that they haven't had a fair chance."

THE JAPANESE SECTION

XII



THE Japanese gentleman we met as we entered the Japanese section explained to us that there was a false impression abroad in regard to the modern art work of his country. "Our artists," he said, "do not imitate European work to any great extent. It is true that some of them, who have studied in Paris, and some of them who have studied European methods at home, do follow the European technique. But most of our painters remain Japanese in spirit and in method. At the same time they are always striving for originality. The policy of the

great Kyoto school of art is to encourage each student to express himself. After all, art is essentially the expression of ideas, and the more original a painter is the more interesting he is sure to be."

In number nine our friend found an illustration of his point, "Spring Time in the Palace Garden," by Banri Mitsui, of Tokyo. "This painting is unlike the old Japanese style and yet, you see, it is essentially Japanese in feeling and treatment. By the way, these large pictures of ours represent a new movement. But our artists follow the traditional shapes. Their originality they show mainly in subject and in technique. Here, instead of introducing young girls to express the spirit of spring, its lovely buoyancy, the artist uses a group of men, of varying ages, some of them in middle life, some of them old. And, instead of using wild flowers for the background, he uses pine trees. To the left we find only a few petals to suggest the spring flowers. And to the right we have a hint of the branch of a cherry tree."

What I liked most about this picture was the richness of the coloring and the characterization of the figures, in their brilliant dress, each type finely delineated. What the painter liked was the vigor of the technique, which caused the Japanese gentleman to discourse on the subject of originality.

So great was the regard for originality in art, we were told, that the directors of the exhibitions in Japan did not accept work unless it showed something new in technique. Permeating all the Japanese work was the spirit of artistic adventure, revealing a love for the overcoming of difficulties, for the harmonizing of elements seemingly inharmonious. Unless this spirit was appreciated, Japanese art could not be understood. Those two splendidly decorative paintings given one number, "Mulberry and Cocoon," by Hoko Murakami, of Tokio, suggested how strongly the decorative influence revealed itself in the modern work. One panel showed young girls among the mulberry leaves, and delicately indicated the feeling of spring. The other panel, representing autumn, though gay in spirit, nevertheless subtly conveyed a sense of the waning season, the decline of life.

One of the most interesting of the modern panels, "Summer Middy, by Toyen Oka, of Kyoto, proved to be the work of a young artist evidently imbued with the intense love of natural effects, of truthful rendering, that inspired the impressionist move-

ment. Against a gray, wooden fence stood a lovely bush, covered with flowers. On the fence, in the upper right-hand corner, sat a thin, yellow-eyed cat, the blackness of whose fur harmonized with the blackness of the rock at the base of the composition.

The composition inspired our friend to explain the way it happened to be painted:

"One fearfully hot day Oka was looking out of his window, and he saw that beautiful oleander bush, the only fresh looking thing within sight. He was so struck by it that he started in to paint it at once. And how perfectly he has caught the feeling of the scene. He even makes the spectator feel the heat. The appearance of the cat suggests that it is suffering from the heat, both in the pose of the body and the narrowness of the eyes."

"You see, the painter commented, "the spirit of the impressionists isn't confined to Europe and the United States."

In the work of Shodo Hirata, of Tokio—"Voices of Little Birds"—it seemed to me that the poetry in the art of the Japanese found a beautiful illustration. The two panels that were included there represented forest scenes. They had been inspired by the decorative sense of the interpreter. "One day the artist happened to walk through the deep forest. He was struck by the beauty in the design of the boughs and of the leaves, and by the richness of the coloring. But, of course, he felt the need of simplifying in order to convey his impression in a decorative way. In one panel he uses massive trees, and he conveys the charm of their soft brown bark and of the rich coloring of the wild grapevine, with its red leaves. In the other panel see how exquisitely he has suggested the lines of the silver birch trees. The little birds that are singing there are directly related to those trees. To the Japanese observer the trees carry out the suggestion of the silvery bird-notes."

So delicately were those panels painted that I was curious to know the kind of material the Japanese artist used. I was informed that, though they sometimes painted on paper, they usually preferred silk. The oldest painting in Japan dated back twelve hundred years. In those days the artists painted on cloth mainly. Sometimes they used fiber. Even today all the Buddhistic paintings were found to be on fibers woven into cloth. Japan was proud of possessing the oldest museum in the world, containing the collection of the Emperor Shomu, of Japanese, Indian and Chinese works of art, made twelve hundred years ago and kept intact, the

Shosoin in Nara, at some distance from Kyoto. Some of the work was in a wonderful state of preservation. The old painters made their own paint, an art in itself, and they made paints that didn't fade. Today, in the struggle for originality, the painters were continually seeking for new colors.

As we moved from painting to painting, and as we expressed admiration for the delicacy of the coloring and the technical skill everywhere displayed, we were informed that the old school in Japan emphasized the importance of brush work. The best workers learned to portray texture, movement, even graduation of colors by a single stroke of the brush. But technical skill alone did not explain the full beauty of these scenes. It could have been achieved only by a civilization that developed a fine sensibility and a reverential attitude toward nature. When I spoke of the absence of nudes my words were received with this significant comment: "In our daily life in Japan we are more frank about the human body than the Europeans and the Americans. But in our art we have not encouraged nudity as a theme."

"After all," the painter remarked, "the nude in art is a very elastic term. Often it means the crude and the rude. It all depends on the imagination of the artist."

"People sometimes carelessly speak of the art of Japan," said the Japanese gentleman, "as if it were quite different from the art in any other part of the world. But there is a decided relation to be traced here, not only to the art of the other parts of the East, but to the art of the West as well. As your own John La Farge pointed out some years ago, modern discoveries by the archaeologists show a plain connection between the East and the West. China, for example, was undoubtedly influenced by Greece. And Japan was strongly influenced by China. Besides reaching Japan through China, Greece reached Japan through India and Korea. The early Japanese art-workers felt very strongly the Korean influence. La Farge was very much disturbed over the possible damage to Japanese art and the feeling for art through the modern European influence. What he feared most of all was that among the Japanese of the coming generations, trained to take the European point of view, their own art might disappear, with its fine sense of harmony and color and tone preserved down the ages. He believed, however, that there was much in the best European art that our people might profit by, mainly because it was so like our own. For example, he pointed out that the best

work of the early Italians bore a striking resemblance to our great Buddhistic paintings. He also showed that those colored prints of ours that treated everyday subjects dealt with the very problems of light and color that the Europeans had been working at for the last two hundred and fifty years.

Even to one who looked at the display here from the outside point of view it was plain enough that there was a great human history behind it, expressing the activity of an exceedingly alert and sensitive people. The very multiplicity of the schools suggested the constant reaching out to new ideas. And yet there was wonderful simplicity here. One of the paintings, "Masatsura Kusunoki Rescuing His Foes," by Tomoto Kabori, of Tokyo, attracted us by the large number of figures used, in resplendent costumes, by the vigor of the action, and by the variety and the charm of the design. It was one of the few frankly story-telling pictures in the whole collection. It celebrated the magnanimity of the great Japanese patriot of several years ago, who, after nobly defending his emperor and vanquishing his foes on the river, rushed to their aid as they were drowning and brought many of them safely to shore, converting them to friends and adherents.

If the Japanese did not care for story-telling pictures, they loved work that carried a poetic suggestiveness, he said, and they loved artistic economy in treatment. If the material that they painted on served their purpose in carrying out a scene they would leave it frankly bare. Throughout their work one could catch betrayals of their philosophical attitude toward nature and life. A certain whimsical quality expressed itself by giving a trivial expression to what was serious and a serious expression to what was trivial. But the poetic and decorative interpretation of nature was what the Japanese artists cared for most deeply. In "The Woodman," Vunto Hayashi, of Kyoto, had evidently been struck by the meaning of the work done in the heart of the mountains, far from the great haunts of men, by a few faithful workers, who cut down the saplings for human use. In another Kashu Kikuchi had presented the figure of a woman in the decline of life, using scarlet maple leaves to suggest her age. When I expressed surprise at this kind of artistic frankness, our companion explained to us that, on the subject of age, the Japanese women were not as sensitive as the women of Europe and America. They were very careful to dress according to their age. Besides, was there not

something very beautiful in the decay of leaves? Surely those maple trees, suggested in this picture, were never so gorgeous as when they were arrayed in the hues of autumn.

My interest in "Entr'acte," by a woman painter, described in the catalogue as Mrs. Shoyen Ikeda, of Tokyo, representing a Japanese lady sitting in her box at the theatre, between the acts, brought out the information that for many generations there had been distinguished women painters and women writers in Japan. In them the Japanese took a special pride. Some of them had won the distinction of becoming Imperial painters, associated with the court.

Though the collection in these rooms was by no means large, I found that it required a great deal of time for appreciation. The truth was that everything had been carefully selected and everything was interesting. The silk-embroidered screen, depicting a lion and a lioness, was marvelously beautiful, both in the treatment of the design and in the coloring. The Kyoto embroiderers, Yozo Nagara and Kiyoshi Hashio, had achieved colors here that could not have been reached in water color or in oil. Even the frame was interesting with its decorative use of a sea-weed motive.

Then there was the metal work and the lacquer wares, the pottery, porcelain and cloisonne, the dyed fabrics and the prints and designs, all finely executed. "A Devil," by Chozabura Yamada, of Ishikawa, a grotesque figure in hammered iron, was, by special permission, taken out so that we might make an examination of it. Though it looked as if it might weigh a good many pounds, it proved to be as light as a feather. We were informed that only one man in Japan could do this work. He belonged to an ancient family of armorers, and had given up armor making to hammer figures of this kind, as thin as paper, made by thousands of delicate strokes, outside and inside. "He has hammered his whole personality in that piece," said the painter, his eyes shining with the delight of a connoisseur.

In the sculpture we found much ingenious and original work in wood, ivory, bronze and plaster. Homei Yoshida, of Tokyo, had done a beautiful ivory group, full of character, "Old Man and His Pet Rabbit." The theme was a very moving study in plaster. "The Strike," by Osao Watonobe, of Tokyo, the workman with his wife and children, helpless, suffering, on the verge of despair a masterpiece of realism."

IN THE CHINESE SECTION

XIII



WHILE we were entering the Chinese section, the painter remarked: "When people come into these rooms, they are likely to be disappointed. The reason is that they judge Chinese art by their own standards of today, instead of judging it by the Chinese standards of the past. They look about for evidences of the modern spirit and they find none. And yet, when they are in the Japanese section, these very people may be among the first to deplore the tendency shown by some Japanese painters to take on the current European methods. There are paintings in this exhibition by Japanese artists that might have come from the French impressionists. The trouble with the Japanese is that they are too ready to be influenced. They have a wonderful imitative faculty. It may be a means by which, in future, they will develop towards the creating of absolutely new art forms. On the other hand, it may weaken their individuality and ultimately cause them to lose it altogether. The trouble with the Chinese is that they have been only too content to work in the old grooves."

"Art in China has a glorious history," said the painter. "It goes back to several centuries before Christ. But the work of the first thousand years has been lost. The earliest Chinese painting that we have in the Western world is in the British Museum. It is supposed to date from the fourth or fifth century after Christ. If we could trace the growth of artistic expression among the Chinese we should doubtless find periods of art corresponding with periods in the history of art in Europe. For instance, from the seventh through the tenth centuries there was a spiritual awakening among the Chinese painters very like the renaissance that inspired the painters of Italy and Spain and France. It had a wonderful effect on all the cultivated Chinese. It brought out an astonishing amount of talent. Among men of distinction in public life it became fashionable to cultivate skill in the arts. In this way a body of connoisseurs was developed which must have been very inspiring to the painters. What artists need most of all is a responsive public. In China it was conspicuous by its presence; in our country it is conspicuous by its absence."

The painter pointed to the scrolls and the screens about us. "Although they are distinctively Chinese," he said, "how strongly they remind one of Japanese work. As a matter of fact, the Japanese went to school in China when Japan was a Chinese province. They absorbed the principles of Chinese art and made them their own. The Chinese influence still persists in Japan. But the Japanese have succeeded in forging ahead."

"How about the awakening of China?" I said. "Hasn't it shown itself as yet among the artists there?"

"If it has," the painter replied, "the change isn't expressed here. From this display one might fancy that China was still the aristocratic country that had been ruled down the ages by the master-class, with emperors and empresses and all that goes with imperialistic show. But we ought to remember that periods of great political and social agitation are not likely to encourage art. The people are too absorbed. It is in periods of tranquility that art becomes most expressive. Then it draws on those other periods for some of its best material. The chances are that, in time, the new China will produce new and able painters who will reflect the radical ideas. Then there will be the danger of corruption from foreign sources, the danger that Japan is now facing."

The decorative character of the painting made an appeal to the painter. In his judgment the Chinese were among the earliest and the greatest of the decorators. Many centuries ago they felt and worked out the decorative principles that were used with such skill by the men of today. There was a distinct resemblance, for example, between Chinese decoration and those magnificent decorative designs by Fjaestad in the Swedish section, generally accepted as highly advanced and brilliant work.

The variety of the work here we found particularly interesting. It included the minute carving of fruit stones, designs in many kinds of wood, rich embroideries, beautifully cut precious stones set in royal magnificence, rare porcelains, superb vases of cloisonne, exquisite pieces of lacquer. Some of it seemed trifling, for example, those bottles painted from the inside by means of long brushes, dexterously used. But taken altogether, it illustrated the fine artistic sense of the Chinese, characteristic of their work down the ages. "What I like best about it isn't their great costly pieces that belong in palaces," said the painter, "but those more simple and inexpensive pieces that show the direct relation be-

tween use and beauty. Whenever a people try to make their daily utensils beautiful it offers a proof of its instinctive feeling of art."

As we wandered from room to room we found many evidences of this feeling. And we also formed expressions of the poetry in the hearts of the Chinese people, their love of nature, their reverence, their treasuring of their legends, their patient devotion in striving toward their artistic ideals. "In some ways," the painter remarked, "those old-fashioned fellows, for all their flatness and quaintness, are curiously like our modern men. For example, they never try to be photographic. They are always suggestive. They appeal, not to the sight merely, but to the imagination and to the feelings. They are poets themselves and they want to develop the love of poetry among the people that look at their work."

THE FRENCH PAVILION

XIV



“**Q**F ALL the buildings on the grounds,” said the painter as we approached the French pavilion, “this building has for me the most interesting associations. It is astonishing that it should have been undertaken at all. France was in the throes of the war. Paris had just escaped another invasion of the Germans. In the midst of all this turmoil to ask the French people to turn their attention to an Exposition thousands of miles away seemed like an absurdity. But they saw a chance of showing their appreciation of the help given the wounded and impoverished by sympathetic Americans, and they made a great effort. Then, too, they felt the artistic appeal of the Exposition. In a short time they were able to do what, for most nations, would have required many months or years of preparation. They had trained exposition men, experts, who went to work with a will and made one of the most artistic displays ever seen at any international affair of this kind.”

We were in the Court of the Legion of Honor now, close to the great statue of “The Thinker,” by Rodin. “It was a fine idea to

secure this wonderful expression of modern French sculpture for this particular spot. And it's pleasant to think that it has been secured through the generosity and the public spirit of a San Francisco woman, Mrs. A. B. Spreckels. It's just as strong as the original, which has stood for years in front of the Pantheon in Paris. Rodin, you know, when he has finished a piece of work, doesn't turn away from it and let others make reproductions. Every reproduction he works on with as much care as he gave to the original."

The building appealed to the painter, both for the distinctive qualities in the architecture and for its historic associations. "It's an exact reproduction," he said, "of the Palace of the Legion of Honor which stands near the Quai d'Orsay, in the Rue de Lille, at the corner of the Rue de Solferino. It was built in 1786 by the able but not highly distinguished architect, Rousseau, for the Prince of Salm, who had his head cut off during the French revolution, in 1793. Napoleon secured it for the Legion of Honor in 1804, when he was First Consul. He liked the idea of being able to see it from the Tuileries. In style it is pure Louis XVI. The reproduction here is very exact, even to the molding of the friezes. The architectural plans were sent over from Paris and the actual building was done by the Director of Works, Harris H. D. Connick. In some ways it's a pity the materials were not permanent. At an additional cost of a few thousand dollars San Francisco might have had a fine structure and a constant reminder of the ancient friendship between France and the United States."

French architecture, as I knew, had a special interest for the painter, both on account of its beauty and on account of the spirit behind it and the history. "In Paris," he remarked, "it's fascinating to see how the French temperament has expressed itself in changing styles. The history of the French people is written all over their houses and their bridges and their monuments. Napoleon, however, gets more credit than he deserves for the introduction of the Empire style, which is so closely associated with modern French art. As a matter of fact, it began to come in during the period of Louis XVI. The development of a fashion is often beyond the control of any one man, however great. But the Empire style suited Napoleon's temperament on account of its close association with Rome. In the days of the first French empire, Cæsar and Napoleon were often compared, and the comparison must

have been very pleasing to Napoleon's vanity. The influence of Rome on French architecture is very strong, but it has been subjected to the most subtle modifications and adaptations, often hard to trace.

As we passed up the stairway of the main entrance to the pavilion, we both felt as if we had been transported into France. "Isn't it marvelous how well the French do things? Their standard is perfection and they are always striving in the direction of better methods. Just to look about here is to realize how much thought and feeling they have put into the arrangement of their treasures. And how clever it was of them to include in the display examples of their skill in women's clothes that has helped to make them leaders in taste all over the world. There are only two things that they have left out, their wine and their *pate de foie gras*."

When I asked the painter how he accounted for the artistic eminence of the French people, he replied: "There are many explanations. In the first place, there is the emotional French temperament, related to climate, to the subtle influence of ideals and to habits of thought. When once a conception of beauty is implanted in the heart of a people, it expresses itself in a multitude of artistic ways. Then, too, the French authorities have been careful to foster a love of art among the people. They don't hide their treasures away in vaults. They have a feeling that what is beautiful in art belongs, in a sense, to all the people. It is related to the old notion that what belonged to the king belonged to the people. When you travel through France you are continually reminded of this attitude. The custodians of great works are eager to have them appreciated and enjoyed. As a result, the people have learned to appreciate and they have also developed a responsive attitude which makes them respect such treasures. You rarely hear of a great work of art being stolen in France by anyone of French blood. The *Mona Lisa*, for example, was stolen by a foreigner."

The painter pointed to the magnificent Sèvres vases near the entrance of the Pavilion. "In France, the people are so used to seeing work of that kind that they know its artistic value. Here people often pass them by without realizing. The connoisseurs, of course, know; but they are rare exceptions."

The Gobelin tapestries were another reminder of the difference between the French and American attitude. "In this coun-

try we like to do things in a hurry. We pride ourselves on our speed and efficiency. But the French know better. They realize that what is best in art results from a slow and careful development. On each of these tapestries the workers spend several years. They do their painting with wool or with silk, sometimes with a mixture. A square yard a year is considered a reasonable amount of work for one man, but that square yard is perfect in every detail. Each man feels the artistic responsibility of his task. He is helping to reproduce a painting that, in most instances, is done by a master. He works with the painting behind him, reflected before his eyes in a mirror."

The painter called my attention to the difference in the coloring between the tapestries that were new and those that were old. In the new work the coloring was almost glaring, but the workers had in mind not the effect of the present but of the future. Like all the Gobelin tapestries, these were designed under the direction of the French government for use in the governmental buildings. Such Gobelins as had come out of France had been presented as gifts or had been smuggled out, in some instances by way of the French Revolution and those other disturbances that tested the valiant spirit of the French people.

"There's a lot of history behind those Gobelin tapestries," said the painter, as we stood in front of those blue studies of scenes from the life of Joan of Arc, made from drawings by the celebrated French painter, Jean Paul Laurens. "In fact, for the past five hundred years the name 'Gobelin' has been associated with most of the notable events in France. The Gobelins, as a family, first became well known among the French people about the middle of the fifteenth century. They are supposed to have come from Rheims. One of them discovered a scarlet dye and built a great dye factory in Paris, at first called 'Gobelin's Folly.' The business prospered and went on from generation to generation. In the sixteenth century the descendants started a manufactory of tapestries. Some of them grew so rich that they gave up business and bought titles of nobility. Several Gobelins became distinguished state officials. In 1662 the factories were bought by Colbert for Louis XIV and converted into governmental works for the making of upholstery, with the painter, Lebrun, at the head of the department devoted to tapestry. So the Lebruns here are among the first of the tapestries that were made under royal authority. In 1694 Louis XIV got into money difficulties, and as

a result the factories were closed for about three years. Then they were opened for the making of tapestries alone, to be used for the royal family and to be distributed as royal gifts. During the revolution and during Napoleon's time they were closed. Louis Philippe started the work going again, and not long afterward there was added the making of carpets. In 1871 the building was attacked by the Communists and partly destroyed."

The two paintings by Cazin at either side of the door appealed to my companion for their quiet yet rich coloring, for their atmosphere of peace and for their fidelity to the character of the French landscape. "It was a happy scheme to place them here, where they were bound to secure attention and where they could give a distinctive note to the building. They express the idealism at the heart of the French people, so often misunderstood by the foreigner, the kind of idealism that caused the French revolution and the commune and those other outbreaks, terrible in themselves, but revealing the longing of a great people for freedom and equality. It is an interesting circumstance that in France the land is, for the most part, broken up into small holdings. The French really own their own country, which is more than can be said for some other countries supposed to be dedicated to liberty and fraternity."

As we walked up the stairs leading into the great hall forming the heart of the pavilion, we found those splendid Rodins, including "The Age of Brass," "A Siren," the two busts of Henri Rochefort, "War," and "The Head of John the Baptist." If this magnificent pavilion were distinguished for nothing else, these Rodins would make it distinguished. It is good to think that they all belong to this country and are likely to remain here. Several have been lent by Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, of San Francisco, including "The Thinker" in the Court of Honor, which would look very fine in our Golden Gate Park. By the way, I notice that the great authority on city planning, Frederick C. Howe, during his recent visit here, gave enthusiastic praise both to our park and to our statuary. When you consider how poor much of the statuary in this country is, we have reason to be grateful. These works of Rodin's are sure to have an influence on our sculptors, to make them see that really characteristic work can find widespread appreciation. I wonder if San Franciscans realize how well the local sculptors have displayed their ability in this Exposition. Five

men have distinguished themselves for fine work—Ralph Stackpole, Arthur Putnam, Haig Patigian, Edgar Walter and Robert Aitken, who, if he no longer lives here, is a San Franciscan at heart."

As we were looking at the curious little marble figure of a woman's face, Egyptian in treatment, with the mouth open, the lips protruding in a way almost repulsive, a lady came forward, followed by a gentleman. "What a shame it is those pencil marks aren't rubbed off," she said. "They spoil the appearance of the marble."

The painter turned to me with a smile. "As a matter of fact," he remarked, "those pencil marks were placed there by Rodin himself, why, I can't imagine, possibly to carry out the design that he used in the treatment of the head which gives it the Egyptian suggestion. However, he is always experimenting and, in looking at his work, one ought to bear in mind that it expresses a very curious and original character, with a strong leaning in the direction of eccentricity, and with a particular fondness for making eccentric effects. In some of his work, of course, he is absolutely straightforward. Observe the directness, as well as the strength in his treatment of the interesting and characteristic head of Henri Rochefort, that temperamental rebel. And then there is that delightful bust of Falguiere, the French painter and sculptor, in the French section of the Fine Arts, in my opinion one of the finest portrait studies ever done by a sculptor, ancient or modern."

In the gallery to the left we found that superb painting by Puvis de Chavannes, "Hope," so greatly admired by artists the world over, an ideal example of the nude, delicately felt and painted with reserve and tenderness. "Puvis de Chavannes did this work when France was just recovering from the desolation of 1870. How simply he has treated the background, and yet how he has made that landscape express the sadness of France. The nude girl carries the promise of the revival of nature, with the return of courage and ambition and energy. Its beauty and charm can be perceived even by those who do not appreciate the work of this master in general. It is, indeed, one of his greatest triumphs, an example of genius that was his without apparent effort and with absolute simplicity.

Another Puvis de Chavannes we found nearby, consisting of an original sketch of the wonderful mural decoration made for

the Pantheon between the years 1897 and 1908, the latest and one of the greatest of his murals. It celebrated Saint Genevieve, patroness of Paris, coming to the aid of the starving people when they were attacked by Attila and the Huns in 451. "It has more life and warmth than some of the master's work, than the example that is so much admired in the Palace of Fine Arts, pure Greek in feeling and wonderfully delicate in treatment. Puvis is a poet among painters, and, like many great poets, he is often misunderstood by the people at large and appreciated only by the experts. His technical ability is extraordinary. There are those, however, who find in his painting a curiously anemic suggestion. However, of its kind it is the most notable work done in modern art. Perhaps one proof of its quality lies in its being so rarely imitated. For all his eminence, Puvis did not found a school. He stood alone."

A painter often spoken of as the founder of a school, the maker indeed of a revolution, we met when we reached "The Balcony," by Manet. "It's hard to believe that the simple group up there could have created a sensation a half-century ago. What could be simpler than those three typically French figures on the balcony—two young ladies and a gentleman? The older of the two ladies, by the way, is Berthe Morisot, Manet's sister-in-law, one of the greatest of woman painters, a leader in the early French impressionist group. At the time this canvas was painted Manet was the most ridiculed figure in Paris. People used to go to see his pictures merely for the sake of laughing. They would begin to laugh as they went up the stairs. A great deal of fun was made of this balcony because it was green. The two ladies were ridiculed and criticised on account of their appearance, and the dog at their feet was spoken of as if he were a monster. The trouble was that those Parisians were devoted to the old school of painting and could not understand that Manet was introducing a new technique, a more natural treatment of light, bringing out truer effects of perspective. Close observation of the picture will show details of the background, including the outlines of a figure, very dim, all of which suggest how finely Manet observed. For many years he fought against a perfect storm of abuse. He must have had great character to endure it and go on working. But he enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing a little group of admirers gather around him, several of them now of world-wide distinction."

From that Manet the painter led me to the two canvases by Monet, both characteristic, one an interesting example of his magnificent cathedral series, painted from the windows of a milliner's shop in Rouen. "When Manet was at the height of his notoriety, before he was accepted as a genuine master, he went into an exhibition in Paris one day and he saw people standing in front of a canvas by an unknown painter named Monet. 'Who is this fellow,' he said, 'that uses a name almost identical with mine in order to advertise himself' The remark was repeated to Monet, who felt so hurt that afterward he was careful to sign himself by his full name, Claude Monet. Not long after the incident Manet and Monet became friends, and they remained friends till Manet's death in 1883. There are those who, while they acknowledge the revolutionary character of Manet's work in its treatment of light, nevertheless say that Monet is the real leader of the open-air or impressionist school. Monet is still painting in Giverny, his home in the country, half way between Paris and Rouen. But among the younger painters of Paris he does not maintain his prestige. They regard him as old-fashioned, and they think they have left him far behind. Where he was once ridiculed because he was too advanced, he is now ridiculed because he is not advanced enough. However, his place in the world of art is secure. His work not only has great beauty in itself and marvelous technical skill, but it has an historic interest, through marking the brilliant beginning of an epoch."

"By the way," the painter went on, "it's interesting to trace the effect of the open-air school, both on the work and on the lives of the impressionists. As any one can see, it drove them out of the studios into the fields. Most of them left Paris and settled in the country. The portraits that they painted of one another show that they looked like healthy farmers."

After this comment I was interested in studying the examples of impressionism that we found here, the work of such distinguished men as Pissaro, Renoir, Sisley, Besnard and of Cezanne, who was destined to extend the boundaries of impressionism and to lead the way to those present-day movements so interesting and so puzzling—post-impressionism, cubism and futurism—all representing efforts to express the new psychology in terms of painting.

We suddenly came to those two startling paintings of Christ on the cross, facing each other—one by Carriere, first exhibited

in the salon in 1897, and the other by Henner, painted according to the order of the government, for the Palace of Justice in Paris. "These canvases show how differently two modern painters can be affected by the same theme. Henner's work is theatrical, Carriere's work is dramatic. Henner gives us a realistic study of Christ, ably painted, it is true, but with a use of green on the flesh that is almost repulsive. Carriere envelops Christ and the cross in a haze, with the grief-stricken figure of Mary at the foot of the cross. Without seeming in any way to reach for an effect, he makes us feel the depth of the scene and the poignancy. Of all the paintings of Christ in the Exposition this canvas seems to me by far the finest."

Another example of Carriere's work we found in the portrait of the French novelist, Alphonse Daudet and his daughter, painted in 1890, when Daudet looked as if he were already stricken with illness. The painter had perfectly reproduced the fineness in the features and the weariness in the pose and in the face. One could see that Daudet had become what the French called "a man fatigued." The work as a whole was very interesting, suggesting a tender relation between the charming girl and her father, the man who had made those voluminous studies of life that caused him to be known as the French Dickens. "Both the Carrieres are good," said the painter, "but it is the Christ on the cross that deserves to live."

THE ITALIAN FUTURISTS

XV

"T'S easy to laugh at the Italian futurists," said the painter, as we went up the stairs in the annex to the Palace of Fine Arts, "but it's more profitable to find out what they're trying to do."

With those words in my mind I tried to be serious when I stood among those curious examples of one of the new and revolutionary movements in art. But no such ambition controlled some of the people about me. They were having a good time, pointing out to one another good examples of absurdity.

"There's a big idea behind all this work," said the painter, "and

one ought to keep it in mind. It will put a check on hasty judgment. The futurists say that up to the present time art has been conventional and limited. The artists have been like men shut up in prison. They have worked in a routine as bad as a treadmill. They've exalted the merely physical and they've looked at the physical in a limited way without seeing it as it really is, under the influence of its manifold mental and moral and spiritual relations. The painting of the nude, for example, which has been so exalted down the ages, they regard as stupid. To them a nude woman in a picture has exactly the value of a nude animal. What is important about a human being, they maintain, is not the body. It's the mind and the character; it's the subjective reaction that goes on with experience."

"Then futurism is mainly psychological," I ventured to remark.

"True. But that statement doesn't fully express what it is. It is all that and much more. In a sense, it is subjective, and yet it deals with the objective, too. It gives a new interpretation to the old saying that 'art recovers the innocence of the eye.' It makes those words really mean that art recovers the innocence of the mind, that it records subtle impressions and forces that have never before been considered to belong in the field of art. Futurism is suggestive in a new sense and it is symbolic in a new sense. It depicts emotions, sounds, even smells. You see, it is striving almost desperately to reach the essence of things. A writer like Henry James, whether he knows it or not, is working in a somewhat similar way in literature."

We were standing in front of one of the largest paintings in the room, by Boccioni, quaintly described in the catalogue as "Dynamism of a Footballer." It looked like the picture of sheets of beautifully colored tin, massed together. "Of all the Italian futurists," said the painter, "I consider Boccioni the most interesting. This painting gives a clue to what the futurists are doing. Those fellows are unquestionably great colorists, whatever else may be said of them. And their use of color is in harmony with the more recent discoveries between the relation of color and vibration. The futurists are introducing the violet rays into new forms of art and making them a means of reaching emotional expression. Moreover, they agree with modern science in insisting on the supreme value of energy. You know that matter, as merely a form of energy, is now accepted by science. It is energy that the

futurists are always putting into their pictures in one form or another. It need not be physical force, as in this picture of the football player tearing down the field, covered with sweat and inspired by the brutal struggle and the excitement and applause of the crowd. It may be the energy that goes with quiescence. This work might have been called 'A Spiritual Picture of a Football Player During a Great Play'."

By this time my mind was somewhat bewildered. "I don't think I quite get it," I remarked. "But now that you have explained the situation, I can see that the work expresses some mental confusion."

The painter smiled indulgently. "I didn't get it at first," he said. "It takes some time. But when you do get it you see what the futurists mean by saying that photography has killed the old physical forms of art. In future, according to them, the artists must deal with those finer considerations that lie far beyond the camera's reach."

The painter led me to another Boccioni nearby, smaller and almost as cryptic. "Look intently at it," he said, "and tell me if you see anything you recognize."

I looked and after a long interval I thought I had an idea.

"Is it a horse?" I ventured.

The painter was delighted. Yes, it was a horse.

"But it's a queer sort of horse," I remarked. "I don't think I've ever seen one just like it before."

I felt proud of my achievement, and yet, somehow, I was uneasy. There might be some trap.

"If Boccioni were here he'd say you saw this sort of horse every day of your life. It's simply a horse in motion with a woman rider. It's a decomposed picture, so to speak. It's what we see before we put a scene into conventionalized form, before we systematize it according to our understanding of what it ought to be. It's what the babe sees by means of the innocence of the eye."

The painter turned away. "Now come and see another interesting fellow, Carra," he said, indicating one of the smaller pictures. "How does it strike you?" he asked, when we were fairly close.

After due reflection and still in that nervous state of mind due to that possible trap, I said: "I like the coloring, but there's nothing else there I can grasp. What is it?"

The painter was already on his way to another masterpiece. "It's the 'Disintegration of Flesh'," he said, and perhaps fearing that I might be squeamish, he went on, pointing to another canvas: "In 'A Woman's Shape and Scents' we have the expression of a healthy woman as she exists in Carra's consciousness. Now there's a third picture that ought to be looked at in connection with those two, although it happens to be painted by another man—Severini, also very interesting."

It was a mass of brilliant color, more or less remotely related to the form of a woman. "Here we have a woman dancing and we are given not the body alone, but the spirit, alive, glowing, full of light and joy."

Some people near us were listening and smiling. They looked quizzically at the painter and yet with a certain kindly regard. Then it dawned upon me that they took him for a jollier.

"The Italian futurists aren't lacking in humor," said the painter, pointing to Severini's "Dynamic Decomposition of the Portrait of the Poet Marinetti." "It shows a certain humor on their part to introduce this caricature of their own work here, as well as courage. It looks as if it had been done in five minutes by a joker with a gift for artistic improvisation. It probably was. But it is interesting, nevertheless, on account of the history behind it. Marinetti stands at the head of the group of thirty painters who represent the new movement in Italy. Though he isn't a painter himself, he is supposed to be a critic of great ability and he has thrown himself heart and soul into the advocacy of the futurist cause. Observe the strip of what looks like black velvet stuck on the cardboard background. It's an emblem of what Marinetti used to stand for before his conversion. He was an art critic of the old school, with an established reputation. He was also an accepted poet. He used to write and lecture on what the futurists now call 'physical painting.' When he changed he was naturally much ridiculed. At some of his lectures on futurism in Florence the audience threw eggs and vegetables at him and the newspapers attacked him. The suggestions of newspapers incorporated into the picture and the quotations indicate the character of the treatment he received, you see, not through resentment, but through good-natured irony. The chances are that he enjoyed the excitement. In the process of disintegration you will observe that his mustache has suffered. The treatment of that mustache is significant. Nearly

all the futurists have shaved off their mustaches, but Marinetti refused to make the sacrifice. His refusal has been the subject of many jokes among his colleagues. Those black curved lines are doubtless intended to suggest the passions of hate and anger that were excited by the movement."

"All those meanings," I remarked, "are necessary for an understanding of the picture. But unless one hears them explained, how is one to find a clue? There doesn't seem to be any common language even among the futurists themselves."

"That criticism has often been made," said the painter, turning to a canvas by Russolo, supposed to represent "A Woman Walking." "They really are developing a kind of language in their use of color. In a general way, the heavy, dark colors, for example, suggest force. They may be described as masculine. The lighter colors have a feminine quality on account of their delicacy and fineness. Light green is supposed to indicate intellectuality. This woman is painted mainly in blue. The repetition of the figure suggests that the painter wants to convey the impression of the woman repeated in the mind of the artist as she goes along. The blending in of green may be an intimation that she is a literary woman or a feminist."

"The futurists have plenty of scope for the imagination, don't they?"

"Exactly. The truth is that they are all individualists. Nearly every canvas in this room is capable of varied interpretations. A few make concessions to the shape of the figure. Others make no concessions at all."

"Do you really think that the movement means anything vital?" I asked.

"All striving, all seeking for originality, has in it something that is vital. But whether the force that is represented here is mere eccentricity and wildness, or whether it is going to open new avenues to the artists of the future is a big question. Perhaps the best service of the new men who are upsetting the artistic world, the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists and the Futurists, will be found to be that they make artists question the conventions. A movement of this kind, though it may pass away and be remembered only for its absurdity, nevertheless may exert a subtle and healthy influence, none the less real because it is hardly traceable. What is to me most significant about the work of the

Italian futurists is that it emphasizes the mental and spiritual qualities and their relation to color. For a long time the Theosophists have been trying to make us see this relation. Nearly all of the great religions have scorned the mere physical body and given it value only through its transient identification with the soul. The Theosophists go so far as to say that what we think and feel takes on expressions in color of the astral body. They even show photographs of the astral body under the influence of different emotions. The colors expressing anger, for example, are startling in the violence of their reddish tones. And, of course, we all know that experiments have shown a relation between health and certain colors."

"But aren't the futurists trying to reach beyond the realms of art?" I asked.

"Ah, but who can say where the realms of art come to an end. The futurists believe that, on this subject, the world has held false opinions altogether too long. They think they have found new and brilliant worlds to conquer. What they are undertaking to do is fascinating. They are right when they say that our symbols are petty and misleading. For example, when a painter puts the siren type of woman on a canvas, the woman that wrecks homes, he is almost certain to be careful to make us feel the evil qualities through showing them conspicuously in the face. But we know that this type of woman never gives herself away in this open fashion. If she did she would defeat her own purpose. She probably succeeds because she looks so innocent. The futurist, in dealing with this kind of character, looks for the essential qualities, not in the face, but in the mind. He gives us a picture that, as the members of his school like to say, suggests the dynamic forces that produce so much woe. In this connection it is well for us to bear in mind the saying of one of the great masters to a pupil that was working along accepted lines: 'Till you have awakened the contempt of fools you haven't done a really good piece of work'."

"On the other hand," I said, "isn't it possible that the futurists are having a little fun at our expense?"

The painter gave the question serious consideration. Then he said: "I believe these fellows are sincere. If they weren't, they couldn't put so much thought and power into their canvases."

THE ITALIAN PAVILION

XVI



COMING towards the Italian Pavilion the painter remarked: "The Italians know how to do things. They feel the intimate relation between the beautiful and the useful. They have made beauty express a kind of efficiency. After all, efficiency and beauty are, it seems to me, virtually identical. The efficient way is the beautiful way. The qualities that make up efficiency include ease and grace and joy in life, and that expression of spontaneous energizing which ought to go with all work. Surely the efficient way of living is making life both useful and beautiful."

These remarks reminded me of one of W. D. Howell's favorite sayings, "Everything good comes out of Italy." When I quoted it, the painter went on: "They are a great race, the Italians. One explanation lies in their inheritance. What a background they have, not only in the ruins of Rome and their other great cities of the pagan era, but in their traditions. Beauty has been a part of their inheritance. But it doesn't explain their activity in so many kinds of enterprise. How interesting it would be if we could only get at the fundamental causes that differentiate the nations of the world. Perhaps they are too subtle to be demonstrated. Often they must start in the influence of a single, inspiring personality who creates an ideal in the minds of the people and who is perhaps forgotten while the ideal is making a spiritual or an economic or a social revolution which shows that a whole nation has been inspired."

As we looked at the group of buildings that made the pavilion the painter proceeded to express enthusiasm for the Italian architect, Piacentini, who had successfully combined so many typically Italian styles and succeeded in giving them unity. "How true it is," he said, "that architecture is history. There was a remarkable development of building associated with the activities of the Italian cities for several hundred years before the seventeenth century, and Piacentini has echoed it here. From the time of the dawn of Christianity the Church has done some of her finest building in Italy. It was inevitable that a characteristically Italian structure like this pavilion should carry suggestions of the

spiritual and the ecclesiastical. The Carthusian cloister, which Piacentini has used, shows the influence of Brunelleschi, greatest of all Italian architects, revered by architects today the world over. This courtyard that we are standing in takes us back to the fourteenth century. That small building over there which houses the Cannessa collection suggests the mediæval religious architecture of Perugia. In all the detail there is historical suggestion, all the more interesting because it is so perfectly blended. Throughout these are hints of periods and motifs which, if we could look back at the history behind them, would make us realize what a hive of artistic industry Italy has been from generation to generation."

Before we entered the pavilion we stopped to admire the fountains and the bits of sculpture outside, some of them copied from works included among the world's most valued possessions. We decided to enter by the royal salon, where we knew we should find that brilliant mural decoration by the young Italian artist, Pieretto Bianco, one of the greatest painters in the Italy of today. "When Joseph Pennell was out here," the painter remarked, as we stood in the magnificent hall, "he said that, in his opinion, this work was the finest of all the murals in the Exposition. It hasn't had nearly as much attention as it deserves. See the people passing under it without giving it so much as a look. Perhaps one reason is that it blends so harmoniously into the architecture of the room. And yet it is impossible for anyone who has any feeling for art to glance at it without feeling the splendor of the conception and the picturesqueness and power in the treatment, and the rich beauty of the coloring."

Up the great stairways on either side of the gilded Roman half-dome half-nude figures, women and men, were bearing gifts to be offered to the figure in the center of the canvas, a magnificent woman in the dress of a warrior, Rome. "It's a pagan conception, isn't it?" said the painter, with a shrug of his shoulders. It leaves out a great deal in the way of devotion to ideals, of aspiration toward spirituality. "But it's done so well you have to admire it."

From the salon we passed into the vestibule, where we found many pieces of furniture to admire for their beauty. They represented commercial art at its best. "When the war broke out," said the painter, "it was found that many of the treasures which the Italian government had intended to send here in the way of antique furniture could not be shipped without great risk and at

prohibitive insurance rates. So it was decided that work of this kind should be used in their place, a wise decision under the circumstances. But it was a pity that the government was unable to carry out its idea of presenting here an idealized Italian dwelling house, filled with typically Italian treasures, directly related to everyday use."

In the other rooms we found many reminders of Italy's artistic and social and political activity, both in the past and in the present. They included the lovely work of Luca della Robbia in majolica, the murals of Ferrari, the reproductions of masterpieces in sculpture and painting by such workers as Tiepolo, Raphael, Murilla, Luini, Michael Angelo and Donatello, reproductions of Roman scenes and Italy's activity in fighting disease and crime. Most interesting of all the rooms was the Pompeian museum, filled with interesting examples of treasures dug from the ruins of Pompeii, some of them copies, others originals—bronze statues, pieces of silver, bas-reliefs, candlesticks, vases, musical and surgical instruments.

Those surgical instruments greatly interested the painter. "Observe their designs," he said. "They are developed out of the very principles that our present surgical instruments are built on. Have you ever read Wendell Phillip's essay on the lost arts? We all ought to read it whenever we begin to feel too proud of our superiority over the other ages of the world. It shows that many of our discoveries are rediscoveries and much that we think is new is really old. The work in this Italian pavilion ought to make us humble and remind us of how much we owe to the past and of how much we owe to a nation like Italy, that has kept the torch of beauty flaming for the benefit of civilization."

When we reached the group of the woman and the child, by Carl Augustus Heber, at the northern end of the colonnade, for the first time we caught the note of feminism. "That woman, struggling to free herself from her bonds, tells the whole story," said the painter. "Those other women express the attitude of the world toward women since the pagan days, an attitude singularly consistent through the centuries. To say that it is changed now would be an exaggeration. It is changing. So far it has not expressed itself in art to any noticeable degree."

FIFTEEN DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ARTISTS



OF FIFTEEN artists was assigned special honor. In most instances each was given a room for his work, or more than one room. In one instance two Californians were placed together in one room. The work of all these men is worth studying in detail.

WILLIAM M. CHASE

Though nearly seventy, William M. Chase maintains his indefatigable activity. He has great love of his work, which imparts itself to his canvases. Though he came out of the Munich school, he has not devoted himself to the darker tones, perhaps because he long ago felt the influence of France. He has a fine mind and an eager spirit, and he has expressed himself in many forms of painting. Among his portraits, "The Lady with the White Shawl" is the best known. Someone has said that it may yet become a classic, remembered for its many fine qualities when the work of the other painters in its time has been forgotten. Chase is a master of still life painting. His room contains several distinguished examples. He has long been a great force in the teaching of art in this country.

FRANK DUVEHECK

A realistic study of this master among American painters by Joseph De Camp, which hangs in the Duveneck room, shows that, in spite of sixty odd years, Duveneck is still physically vigorous and mentally alert. He was born in Covington, Kentucky, and he spent many of his earlier years in Munich, where he became conspicuously identified with the Munich school that worshipped the old masters—Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Velasquez. Among his fellow students were Chase and Currier. He developed very remarkable technical skill, conspicuously shown in "The Whistling Boy" and in all of his portraits. He rebelled against the convention established among American painters of working from a crayon drawing, and worked instead, from the start of a picture, with the brush. After teaching ten years in Munich, he settled in Cincinnati, where he has long been an inspiring influence to many students. When his wife died a few years ago, he abandoned paint-

ing altogether, and devoted himself wholly to teaching. The only creative work that he did afterward was the designing of the sculptured memorial to his wife, which is to be seen in the Duveneck room—a remarkable piece of work.

Duveneck has been paid the unique honor of having a special medal cast for him by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition for his great services to art.

JOHN McCLURE HAMILTON

Among American painters Hamilton holds a high place. For nearly thirty years he has lived in England, and he has won many successes in exhibitions, both in Europe and in this country. His portrait of Gladstone is particularly interesting. His pastels are remarkable for their boldness and their grace.

CHILDE HASSAM

As a youth Hassam left his native Boston and went to France, where the impressionist movement was slowly making its way. He became one of its most enthusiastic adherents, and has been faithful ever since. His development has been very interesting. He has now reached a mastery of his technique, which displays itself in outdoor scenes of extraordinary beauty in the treatment of light. His mural in the Court of Palms is by no means his best work. He is much better represented in the collection of his canvases, which include some magnificent examples of outdoor painting.

WILLIAM KEITH

As a boy Keith left his native Scotland and went to New York. For several years he worked in New York as a wood engraver. Then he settled in California. During the pioneer days he made enough money to study in Munich. He was influenced by the Barbizon school, which caused him to fall in love with painting dark pictures. He repeatedly showed, however, that he could work effectively in lighter colors. Though he lived through the period of impressionism, and though he was familiar with its methods, he adhered, in the main, to the dark tone canvases, which were immensely popular with the public. In 1906, in the San Francisco fire, he lost a great many of his paintings. At the time of his death he had acquired a distinguished position among American landscape artists.

ARTHUR MATHEWS

In boyhood Arthur Mathews studied art in San Francisco. Then he spent several years studying in Paris. After returning to San Francisco he devoted himself arduously to painting and to teaching. He is now recognized as one of the most brilliant among American mural decorators. His work has a fine decorative and poetic quality. He is the only San Francisco mural painter represented in the courts and palaces of the Exposition. His "Victorious Spirit," painted for the Court of Palms, is admirable for its design, color, and its harmony with the surroundings. His canvases in the Fine Arts Palace are typical of his accomplished and highly finished method.

FRANCIS MCCOMAS

Though McComas was born in Australia, he is now accepted as a Californian on account of his long residence in or near San Francisco, and on account of his talent for painting California scenes. He excels in the sensitive interpretation of landscape. In the painting of trees he is remarkably successful.

GARI MELCHERS

When hardly more than a boy, Gari Melchers, born in Michigan, of Dutch stock, became known for the vigor and the truth and the homely sincerity of his work. For many years he has been winning honors in the exhibits in this country and in Europe. Of all living American painters he is said to be the most popular abroad. For a long period he taught in Europe, keeping up a steady activity with the brush at the same time. The pictures in the room devoted to him are characteristic of his style, which has not essentially changed from the beginning. It expresses a thoughtful, kindly temperament, and a conscientious and untiring workmanship.

JOSEPH PENNELL

For many years Pennell has been accepted as one of the most brilliant of living workers in black and white. He has traveled widely and has given to the world an immense number of drawings, all characterized by fineness of perception and extraordinary technical skill. He has done more than any living man to make the world perceive the beauty of design in machinery and in aspects of everyday life. His sketches of Panama are included among his best studies.

HOWARD PYLE

This popular illustrator, who died in Florence four years ago, did a vast amount of splendid work and gave pleasure to many thousands of people. He had a bold technique and a superb imagination. Into his drawing he put an immense amount of action and sentiment. The two rooms devoted to him show the wide range of his talent. During his active life he made a profound impression upon the minds of the people of this country and on his students.

EDWARD W. REDFIELD

Among all the American painters who, through a residence in Paris, have acquired the methods of French impressionism, Redfield occupies a conspicuous position. He lives a few miles out of Philadelphia, in the country, where he devotes himself to landscape work. He has a special fondness for winter scenes, which he paints with great brilliancy, making wonderful reproductions of atmospheric effects. His canvases have long been popular among collectors, and he has been a great winner of honors in the exhibitions.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

One of the greatest portrait-painters of his time. At twenty-one he painted a portrait of his teacher, Carolus Duran, that made a sensation. From Velasquez he learned much in the way of technique. He excels in the vigorous presentation of character. Sometimes he shows that he is a rather stern observer. His portraits here are all remarkable. The Madame Gautreau is generally accepted as a masterpiece of painting. The left arm and the neck are notably well done. The make-up on the face is adroitly suggested. The portrait of Henry James, the American novelist, achieved notoriety through being slashed by a militant suffragette when it was first exhibited in London a few years ago. The portrait-sketch of Joseph Jefferson the actor, was evidently executed with great sympathy. As Jefferson was a painter of ability, Sargent must have known that he had a sitter with a full appreciation of his work. Of late he has given up portrait painting and devoted himself to landscape.

EDMUND C. TARBELL

Though still in middle life, for more than a quarter of a century Edmund C. Tarbell has been famous as an American painter. His

pictures have been eagerly bought and at high prices, and he has been a remarkably successful prize winner. He is best known for his interior scenes, beautifully lighted and finely balanced. His style has sureness, refinement, and a subtle blend of realism and poetic beauty. He is equally successful with his painting of textures and of the human figure.

JOHN H. TWACHTMAN

Among the many pupils of Frank Duveneck a high place is held by this painter of poetic landscapes. He was born in Cincinnati, in 1853, and, as a young man, spent several years of study in Europe, most of them in Munich. His work shows a singular refinement, and expresses a temperament sensitive to the most delicate effects of beauty. He died in his fiftieth year.

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

In some ways Whistler is the most interesting figure in modern art. He was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834, and he spent most of his life in Europe. As a youth he studied in Paris, under Gleyre. His earlier work shows the influence of Courbet. Through continual investigating and experimenting he developed a remarkably fine technique and a genius for spiritual expression. Few men in the history of art can compare with him for his delicate arrangement of color. In naming his pictures he liked to use musical terms. It has been said of his work that it would be easy to give it musical expression. Just as musicians are sometimes called tone poets, Whistler may be called a poet in color and in line. His etchings show the delicacy that characterizes his painting.

In everyday life Whistler was an eccentric, but in his work he had a remarkable power of concentration and a fine devotion. He was continually getting into complications, both financially and personally. His life by the Pennells ought to be read by anyone who wishes to study his character.

PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS WHOSE WORK OUGHT TO BE NOTED

PALACE OF FINE ARTS

Gallery

- 66 Edgar, Walter, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, Haley Lever, Bitter, Calder, French, Laessle, Hering, Seyffert, Haggin.
- 85 To the left: Walker, Stetson, Hawthorne, Calder, Graffy.
- 87 Duveneck room, paintings and sculptured memorial. Aitken.
- 65 Devoted to the work of women. Cecilia Beaux, Mary Curtis Richardson, Jean McLane, Mary Cassatt, Scudder, Vonnoh, Eberle.
- 54 Winslow Homer (interesting development), Currier, Inness, Harrison, Wyant, Ryder, Graffy.
- 55 Potthast, Mannheim, Wagner (portrait of Stewart Edward White).
- 56 Breuer, Hitchcock, Mary Curtis Richardson.
- 57 Abbey, John La Farge, Theodore Robinson.
- 58 Bierstadt, Eastman, Johnson, Rothermel, Ward.
- 64 Remington, William Morris Hunt, Hovenden, Henry Boughton, Henry (interesting example of old-fashioned American painting), Hyatt, Scudder.
- 88 Redfield room. Ellerhusen.
- 90 Keith room.
- 89 Tarbell's interiors. Bela Pratt.
- 93 Twachtman room. Manship (fine sculpture inspired by the old Greek work).
- 91 Watteau (not a good example), Steen, Tintoretto (questionable).
- 92 Van Gogh, Daubigny, Tissot, Courbet, Ziem, Charles Le Brun, Monticelli, Fortuny, Corot, Cazin, Israels, Ladd, Polasek, Manship, Warner, Weinman, Van Marcke.
- 62 Dagnan-Bouveret (by some critics disliked for its conventionality and its lack of real spirituality, and for the monotony of its treatment and for its poor quality of color; by others admired for its academic finish), Lenbach, Fortuny, Millet (early work, not characteristic of this painter of peasants, but in Millet's spirit), Monticelli, Stackpole, Muller, Mora, Weinman, Rumsey.
- 63 Romney, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Tiepolo, Goya, Hogarth, Turner, Dallin, Kemeys, Scudder, Beachey.
- 59 Woodville.
- 60 Old American school: Gilbert Stuart, Peale.
- 61 Brilliant gallery, devoted mainly to the French impressionists: Monet, La Touche, Fechin, Pissaro, Sisley, Renoir, Carriere, Puvis de Chavannes (one of the four works from which were painted the decorations for the city of Lyons, very characteristic of the greatest of modern mural painters), Bail.
- 29 Whistler's etchings.
- 28 Whistler's paintings. Polasek.
- 26 Fortune, Wyeth, Smith, Taylor, Oakley.
- 27 Reproductions.
- 25 Pietro and Antoinetta Fragiaco, Ciardi, Carlandi, Scattola, Nicolini.
- 24 Gioli, Chiesa, Sambo, Callandra, Ferro.
- 23 D'Orsi ("Your Neighbor", often compared with "The Man with the Hoe", effective but theatrical), Nono.
- 22 Mancini, Prini, Noci.

Gallery

- 21 Innocenti, Tito (Grand Prize; easily the strongest in technique of all modern Italian painters), Ricci, Coromaldi.
- 19 Ferrari.
- 20 Menocal.
- 17 Roll, Laurent, Jeanniot, Hanicotte, Gumery, Rodin (bust of Falguiere remarkable).
- 16 Menard, Pointelin, Le Sidaner, Blanche, Cottet.
From 16 through 17 to 18: Guillaume, Flameng, Lucien Simon, Charmoy, Pernot, Dechenaud.
- 13 Maurice Denis, Signac, Degas, Lepape, Monet.
- 12 Raffaelli, Lepape.
- 14 Sureda, Flameng, Le Sidaner, Henri, Martin, Besnard, Darrieux, Gillot, Blanche, St. Marceaux, Sicard, B. Boutet de Monvel, Delachaux.
- 15 Gardier, Lepape, Besnard, Lucien Simon, Maury, Pierre, Blanche, Marie Cazin, Aman Jean.

Japanese Section:

- 1 Taisei Minakami, Hoko Morimura, Ranshu Dan.
- 2 Kangai Takakura.
- 3 Tozen Oka.
- 4 Goun Namikawa and Torakichi Narita (screen), Yetsutsaro Yoshida, Jinbei Kawashima (brocade), Bonkotsu Igami, Choun Yamazaki, Kozan Miyagawa (Grand Prize—porcelain vase), Hodo Tomioka (ivory figure).
- 5 Kwampo (Kakemono).
- 6 Koho Goto (screen design).
- 7 Tanyu Kano.
- 8 Ikka Tashima, Homei Yoshida, Osao Watanabe.
- 10 Kijiro Ohta, Eisaku Wada, Hachiro Nakagawa.

From the Japanese section to the black and white:

- 30 Henry Wolf, Otto Bacher, Thomas Moran, Gertrude Partington, Mullgardt, Nahl, Timothy Cole, Plowman.
- 31 Joseph Pennell (very interesting room, filled with the work of a master in black and white).
- 32 Piazzoni, Caroline Armington, Frank Armington, Herman A. Webster, Lee Randolph, Pearson, Smith, John Sloan.
- 33 Bertha Jaques, Covey, Young, White, Lester Hornby, Stevens, Horter, Donald Shaw MacLaughlan, Lemos, Levy, Robert Harshe, Partridge, John Marin, Armin Hansen, Warner, Ralph Pearson, Cadwalader, Washburn, Aitken, Konti.
- 34 King, Nordfeldt, Clark Hobart, Bertha Lum, Helen Hyde, Senseney, Squires, Hyatt.
- 35 Dallin, Ward, Proctor.

Through gallery 66 to gallery 80; Metcalf, Paxton, Hale, Bruce Crane, Calder, Kemeys.

- 79 Chase room, two remarkable portraits ("Whistler" and "The Woman with the White Shawl"), and fine still-life.
- 67 The Carlsons, Nielson, Rosen, Paul Daugherty, Raphael, Waugh, Foster, Ochtman, Arthur Putnam (fine animal sculpture), Laessle, Scudder, Partridge.
- 68 Ritschel, Johansen, Cushing, Garber, Schofield, Kroll, Piazzoni, Spencer Bitter, Aitken, MacNeil, Fry, Bateman.
- 78 Childe Hassam room. Polasek.
- 77 Gari Melchers room. Stackpole, Ladd.
- 76 Mathews and McComas room.
- 69 Funk, Woodbury, Lawton Parker, Jules Pages, Alexander, Miller, Young, Kemeys, Deming, Bishop.

Gallery

- 75 Sargent room. Mora, Wright.
 - 73 Clark, Paul King, Fortune, Gifford Beal, Lawson, Boyle, Jaegers, Warner, Muller, Ladd.
 - 74 Yates, Bruce Nelson, Cadenasso, Konti.
 - 70 Wiles, Flagg, Story, Yarrow, Speicher, Young, Konti.
 - 71 Ritschel, Rosen, Fortune, Luks, Meakin, Luis Mora, Reuter Dahl, Haley Lever, Tiffany.
 - 72 Paddock, Gertrude Partington, Van Sloun, Bohm, Proctor.
 - 94 Lin Hso, Fu Sushan, Chen Husi-Hsun.
 - 95 Teh Hsin Chen (cloisonne), Teh Chang, Lao Tien Li.
 - 96 Chang Jui-tu.
 - 97 Shen Huan, Pien Shou-mien.
 - 99 Ferdinand Boberg, Lundberg, Knut Jarn (interesting bust of Strindberg), Edstrom, Ahlberg.
 - 100 Liljefors (Grand Prize), Smith, Edstrom, Gottfried Larsson.
 - 102 Osslund, Fjaestad, Wrangle, Schultzberg, Carlberg.
 - 103 Strandberg, Behm, Schultzberg, Hullgren.
 - 104 Kusel, Strandberg, John Bauer.
 - 105 Hesselbom, Elsa Backlund Celsing, Kulle.
 - 106 Anna Boberg.
 - 107 Fjaestad (tapestry made by two sisters of Fjaestad from his design), Gottfried Larsson.
 - 108 Schanze Lavery (the only example of one of the greatest of modern British portrait painters; very characteristic), Kips, Zugel, Putz, Stuck, Paul Troubetsky (interesting sculpture in spite of exaggerated length; Lady Constance Richardson very fine).
 - 109 Malhoa (Grand Prize), Vaz Jor.
 - 110 Sousa, Malhoa.
 - 111 Simoes, Trigoso.
 - 112 Lagos, Cullen, Guido, Bermudez, Rossi, Fader.
 - 113 Duyl-Schwartz, Breitner, Mesdag, Witsen, Bloemmers, Bauer.
 - 114 Willy Sluiter, Mastenbroek, Charles Van Wyk, Van der Waay, Maarel.
 - 115 Bauer, Nieuwenkamp, Isaac Israels, Charles Van Wyk.
 - 116 Walter.
 - 117 Frieske (Grand Prize), Nelson, Cucuel, Luis Mora, Fortune.
 - 118 Bohm, Woolf, Dewey, Breuer, Weinman.
 - 119 Keller, Mura, Wyeth, Blumenschein, Scudder, Vonnoh.
 - 120 Bellows, Luks, Dabo, Woodbury, Ladd.
- Through Holland, Argentine, Sweden, China, to gallery 98.
- 98 Hidalgo.
 - 43 Randolph, F. Melville Du Mond, Dixon, Mora, James, Martinez.
 - 44 Dunlap, Seyffert, Weinman.
 - 42 Pyle's illustrated paintings.
 - 41 Pyle's pen and inks. Borglum.
 - 45 Griffin, Mora, Robert Reid, Harrison, Vonnoh, Young, King, Roth.
 - 46 Reuter Dahl, Frank Vincent Du Mond, Eberle, Young, Constance Macky, Whitney.
 - 40 Philip Hale, Milne, Jules Guerin, Moser, Preston, French, Robinson, Stackpole.
 - 39 McClure Hamilton's pastels.
 - 47 Raphael, Couse, Cooper, Blumenschein, Neuhaus, Hering, Salvatore.
 - 48 Frieske (good example of early work), Rumsey.
 - 38 Kemeys.
 - 49 Weir, Tryon, Ladd, Aitken, Ellerhusen, Kemeys, McClure Hamilton.
 - 50 Neilson, Kendall, Hansen, Cornoyer, Betty de Jong, John F. Carlsen.

Gallery

- 37 Woodbury, Prendergast, Murphy, Alice Schille, Stetson, Cooper, Conant.
- 36 Young, Shinn, Fortune, Sandona, Macky, Dallin, Deming.
- 51 Robert Henri, Sloan, Lambert, Carles, Glackens, Breckenridge, Laessle, Grafly.

Fine Arts Annex.

International Section:

On entering: Lipoth.

Gallery 127 to right: Boreny, Marffy.

- 128 Bela Uitz, Vedres, Telcs.
- 129 Pogany, Rippl-Ronay, Szekaly, Vedres, Vadasy.
- 130 Brangwyn's etchings, John Quincy Adams.
- 131 Brangwyn.
- 149 Munch, lithographs and etchings.
- 150 Pola, Gauguin, Thaulow, Lange.
- 135 Simay, Batthyanyi, Piek Lajos.
- 132 Spanish, Canto, Bilbao, Monegal Prat.
- 124 Hungarian, Csok, Mark.
- 125 Hungarian, Vaszary, Ziffer, Mark.
- 121 Hungarian, Lajos, Lotz, Munkacsy.
- 122 Hungarian, Nagy, Kaziany, Magyar Mannheimer.
- 123 Raab, Rudnay, Tibor.
- 133 Spanish, Vazquez, Mallol, Bilbao.
- 134 De Zubiaurre, Meifren, Cardona.

Upstairs to gallery 136: Gallen Kallela has a large decoration on the landing. Very interesting screen and rugs at the head of the stairs: Kormendi Frimm.

Turn right to gallery 137: Room devoted to Besnard. Poupelet.

- 138 Gallen Kallela.
- 140 Speed, Sauter, Draper.
- 139 Haweis, Goodman, Simpson, Laura Knight, Olsson.
- 141 Italian Futurists: Balla, Boccioni, Carra, Severini, Russolo.
- 142 Kokoschka, Jungnickel.
- Through the hallway, gallery 143, Rosales, to gallery 144: Norway, Brun.
- Svarstad, Tunold, Holmboe, St. Lerche.
- 145 Salvesen, Lund, Munch, Hans St. Lerche, Vik, Tola Gauguin.
- 146 Thaulow, Diercks.
- 147 Lund, Krogh, Strom, Sorensen, Vik.
- 148 Muller.

The French Pavilion:

On entering right and left of the door are paintings by Cazin; center, Bouchier, tapestries designed by Tapissier, Rochegrosse, Jean Paul Laurens. Enter room to left: Cachoud, Ribot, Dehodencq.

Upstairs: Vallon, Carli, and continue on. Paintings by Raffaelli, Bastien Lepage, Roll, Renoir, Cezanne, Baudry, Monet, Cabanel, Carriere, Mettling, Bonnat, Detaille, Toulouse Lautrec, Gauguin, Henner, Pissaro, de Neuville, Chavannes.

Into room to right: Latouche, Barbier, Brissaud, Lepape, B. Boutet de Monvel, Henri Martin, Denis, Bartholome, Bouchard.

To left into room adjoining: Manet, Carriere, Harpignes, Monticelli, Meissonier, Besnard, Morot, Fantin Latour Renoir, J. P. Laurens, Degas, Lepere, Boudin, Tissot, Dechenaud, Moreau, Carols Duran, Benj. Constant, Chavannes, Ziem, Breton, Bonnat, Falguiere, Rodin, Dalou.

Back to main central hall: Rodin, tapestries after drawings of Charles Le Brun. In a room off the main gallery: Monet.

Gallery

Belgian section of French Pavilion:

Upper room: Julien Celos.

Into lower room: Gilsoul, Donnay, Charlet, Felicien Rops, Baertson, Casiers, Van Rysselberghe, Alfred Stevens, Meunier.

The Italian Pavilion:

Royal Salon: Winans.

Vestibule: De Martino.

Dining Hall: Barucci, Cantagalli, Frilli.

Passage, reception room to right (reproductions of Guido Reni).

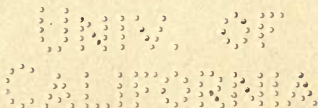
Reception room to left: Bazzani.

Reception room: Copies of old masters.

Pompeian Museum: Bazzani, reproductions of classic statuary—Dancing Faun, Bust of Menelaus, Bacchanal Silenus, Narcissus.

Sacristy: Reproductions of old masters.

To the right to the Pantheon: Ferrari, Tofano.





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